The Bystander, July 7, 1915.—No. 605. Vol. XLVII

The BYSTANDER

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

VISCOUNTESS MAIDSTONE

One of the beautiful American peeresses who were assisting the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Paget at the Royal Matinée organised by them at the Palace Theatre last week in aid of the London School of Medicine for Women. She was formerly Miss Margaretta Drexel, and was married to Viscount Maidstone, heir to the Earldom of Winchilsea, in 1910

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "WATCH YOUR STEP." Evenings, at 8.35. Mat., Sat. at 2.15. GEORGE GRAVES, ETHEL LEVEY, JOSEPH COYNE, Dorothy Minto, Blanche Tomlin, Ivy Shilling, Phyllis Bedells, Lupino Lane. Preceded at 8 by "The Vine."

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. MLLE. TOLAIRE in "Le Mannequin Amoureux." THE IRISH PLAYERS, "HULLO! REPERTORY," TABLEAUX DE GUERRE, etc. 7541 Ger.

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

THE SILLY SEASON 1915

From the Archives

RECORDS in the British Museum, purporting to deal with the life of the British people in what was known as "peace-time," contain occasional references to something that was called the Silly Season. Careful research reveals that towards the middle of the summer, when the Courts, Parliament and Society ceased conscious activity, Religion and Natural History used to take their place.

***

Is the Silly Season Defunct?

The state of the human soul, the size of fruits, and the alleged appearance of monstrous mammals used to take prior place in public interest. In the Year One A.B. (*anno belli*), in which we are now privileged to live or to die for our country and our country alone, it goes without saying that there is no official Silly Season. Silliness there is, perhaps—quite a lot of it—but wearing the mask of patriotism it is not recognised as silliness, and would not, therefore, be allowed the monopoly of a season.

***

A Family Resemblance

Nevertheless a spirit transported from the year 1913, *ante bellum*, might divine a certain atmospheric resemblance between the season now in progress and that which, in his time, was known as "Silly." That is to say moving, talking, and scribbling about the town, there might be recognised persons—patriots, of course, to a man—not so very distantly related to the former observers of the big gooseberry and the sea-serpent.

***

Stagnation—

The War in Flanders, so far as it is officially supposed to interest the British public, may be said lately to have been somnolent. Continuous actions are, we know from the casualty lists, being fought, but they are not accompanied by those changes in position which are supposed to symbolise "activity" in the eyes of the public. There has been no report from Sir John French for over a month.

***

—Nearly Everywhere—

Only from distant Russia and Poland comes daily news of changes of front, big battles, and captures of big cities and huge legions, events which will be important enough in the eyes of history, but which are not at present considered quite suitable for the close attention of the British public. In France, Italy, and Turkey the changes of position are slight, and on that portion of the French front held by the British they have of late been apparently nil.

***

—Including the Sea and the Air

At sea the fleets continue to be as shy of each other as ever, though the submarines have become a little more active. The Zeppelins, whether they visit us or not, have ceased to be regarded as serious factors in the campaign, for even if they do great damage the Censor does not permit us to know of it.

Portrait of young gentleman who has lent the Government five shillings

***

The Silly Season—New Style

One may say that, at home, the present is the 1915 variety of the Silly Season. Oddly enough, however, instead of Silliness coming upon the land with the *rising* of Parliament it is a concomitant of the continued session of that body. St. Stephens's is its very home. It is within and not without those hallowed precincts that the big gooseberries are plucked and the sea-serpents netted.

***

What We Want—

The chief virtue of a Silly Season discussion in the peace age was that it had no practical bearing on any subject of normal daily controversy. Its object was to divert the tired mind from its ordinary business. In the silly season of the Year One A.B. the mind of the nation is, or ought to be, concentrated on the quick and successful finish of a bloody, very expensive, and altogether unnecessary war between civilised States over issues that have been long ago completely forgotten (Serbia, you remember, was the *casus belli*).

***

—And What We Are Getting

The only people that have the power to bring the war to the desired conclusion are the various rulers of States who brought it about, aided by their various armies and navies. From the peoples—who had nothing to do with the war at all—they have squeezed, and are squeezing, all the available men, munitions, and money. As, however, in their infinite wisdom, the rulers do not find it meet to keep the

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued from page 3*)

peoples informed as to their various plans, something has to be done to occupy our minds and thus to keep us from complaining.

***

A Big Gooseberry

In England, since the campaign itself appeared to have become inactive, we have had, to divert our minds, a change of Government, a tremendous agitation on the subject of shells, much personal recrimination, ponderous invocations to thrift, a newspaper storm, a certain amount of harmless peace talk, and—here enters the Sea Serpent !—a Bill for National Registration. On this subject we children are allowed to prattle to our hearts' content. The Registration Bill is a big gooseberry, the redness, squashiness, and juicy irrelevance of which to the conduct of the war are unimpeachable (I apologise if I called it the sea serpent; but it amounts to the same thing).

***

Cornered

In the course of our discussion upon Registration, the State, like an æsthetic Liberty woman at a Tite Street tea-party of the eighties, peers at us intently and drawls the question "And what are *you* best fitted for?" We start mopping our fevered brow, and after an attempt to stammer an answer, sink back on to the cushions in a profound reverie. "What indeed?" we murmur—"unless it is the dictatorship of Europe."

***

Traits of the Silly Season

If the Registration Bill were other than a Silly Season topic, and seriously aimed at increasing the number of men for service in the army or the arsenals, it would *not* have made the age limit fifteen to sixty-five; it would *not* have included women; it would *not* have asked us the question what *we* thought we were fit for, but would have jolly well told us. It would have limited itself to able-bodied, unencumbered males of military age, and imposed on all of them the legal liability to enlist when called upon, reserving to the State the decision as to the best use to which their services were to be put.

***

State Interference

As it is, the Registration Bill is an abstraction—a Silly Season diversion, productive chiefly of philosophic controversy. It brings into the limelight persons who had been quite content, during the war, to remain out of it. From their obscurity emerge a number of Radical M.P.'s who have re-discovered such old English institutions as Liberty and Individualism. In the name of those fetishes they call a curse on Registration. They see in it the beginning of State interference with the rights of man. They reject altogether the doctrine—enunciated by the *Times* in all the importance of italics—that the decision of a man's occupation in general, apart altogether from military service, shall be settled by Whitehall. They grant the State the right to take as many men as it can get for the defined duties of bearing and making arms. But outside that, these queer people contend a man's task in *civil* life is his own affair, the result of his education, training, taste, temperament, and habit. They contend that if you cannot serve the State in the conduct of the war, you had best go about your own business, that being the surest way of preserving the national character and the national wealth.

***

"As You Were"

The result of the re-emergence of the Liberal Individualist is practically a return to pre-war politics, and—inevitably—a revival of the old party divisions. No Government which seriously wanted the attention of the people concentrated on the task of winning the war would have loosened such a controversy on us. Is one very wrong in deducing that the Government positively desires us to resume our old party quarrels and—while we are not looking—to do things—real, live things—at the seat of war, that will startle the enemy out of his seven kultured senses? Verily I hope so, though it is best not to say I believe. Some things are too good for that.

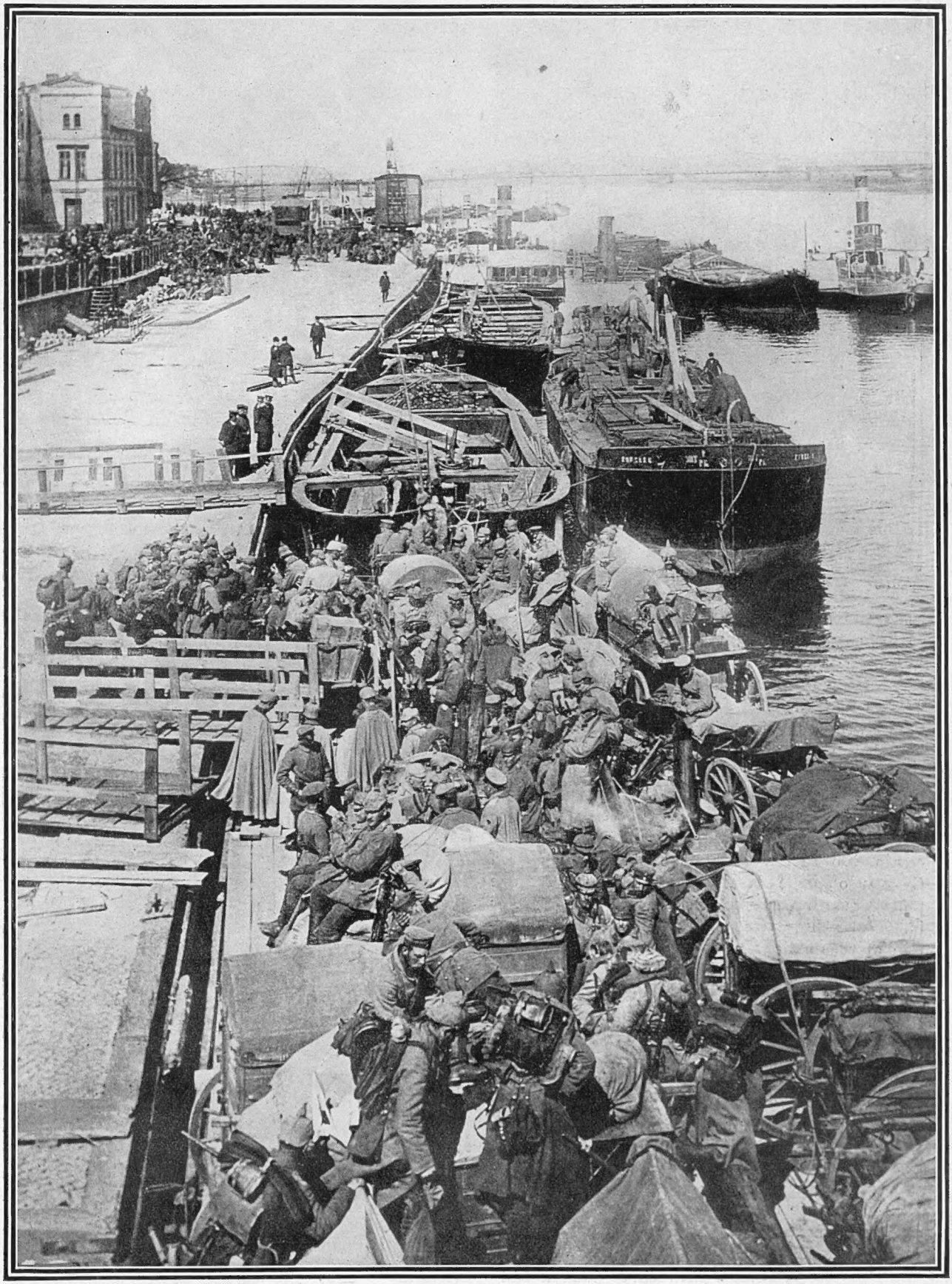
(*Continued on page 6*)

Does It Portend Peace?

The German Crown Prince photographed holding in his hand that ever-to-be-hated and God-punished article, an English pipe. Does it foreshadow peace overtures by the enemy?

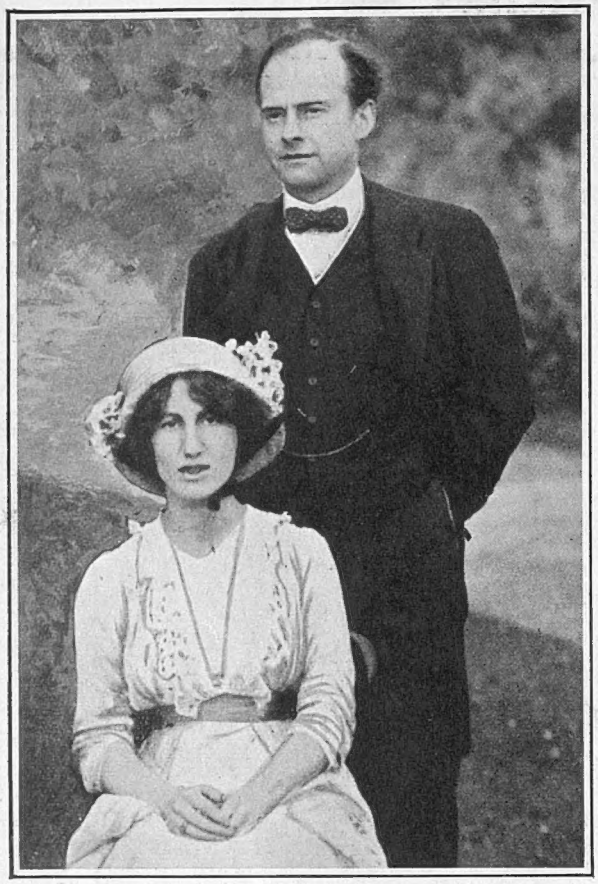
What Invasion Means

HOW A GERMAN RIVER LOOKS WHEN A RAID IS IN PREPARATION



A scene on the River Memel, the most northerly river of Germany, which is continually alive with hugh lighters conveying troops and munitions to the Eastern theatre of war. In this case the possession of a waterway is a convenience to Germany. The Channel (not being at present, at any rate, a German possession) would hardly prove to be so accommodating

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 4)



Photograph *Central News*

A POLITICAL ENGAGEMENT—

Miss Asquith, elder daughter of the Prime Minister, and Mr. Maurice Bonham-Carter, son of Mr. Henry Bonham-Carter, of 5, Hyde Park Square, and principal private secretary to Mr. Asquith since 1912. Miss Asquith, whose mother was the Prime Minister's first wife, is well known for her fondness for golf, winter sport, and outdoor pursuits generally

"Grave Peril"?

Since writing the foregoing, Lord Curzon has rudely shaken the prevailing silliness by a statement that the country is in "grave peril." Precisely what novel circumstance distinguishes the present situation from that of any time during the last six weeks, it has been difficult to divine. The Russian set-back continues, of course, and Warsaw may fall. A renewed German offensive in France was foretold for the present month some weeks ago, and was, one rather imagined, well prepared for by the Allies. The inclination of the public was to see in Lord Curzon's words some allusion to the security of the British Isles themselves, and colour was given to the invasion rumours that have come from time to time from naval sources.

***

Human Interest

A German landing "somewhere in Britain" is by no means an impossible accompaniment to the coming-out of the German Fleet, but, of course, it could not very well happen otherwise than as such an accompaniment. If the result of the emergence is what all our naval men are convinced it will be, then the fate of that invading force becomes a matter of pathetic human, rather than of military, interest—a question for the War Prisoners' Department.

***

They'll Deserve It!

The North of Scotland is indicated as a likely place for the raid. Well, nobody can say that the Germans do not deserve any fate that may befall them and all one hopes, after Rheims, Louvain, and the *Lusitania*, is that they will land there on the "Sawbath."

***

New Russian Move (by Our Very Own Office Optimist)

The rumour that the Russians have evacuated Russia is untrue or at least premature; but even if it should subsequently prove correct, we beg to assure our readers that it will be only part of a well-prepared scheme of the Grand Duke, having as its object the luring of the German armies into the Arctic on the north and the Pacific on the east. In any case, the firm determination of our Allies never to sheathe the sword until the last vestige of Prussian militarism has vanished remains, even if it has to go to the North Pole to get exterminated.

***

Marvellous!

From the *Cologne Gazette* account of the death of Colonel Leipzig, German Military Attaché in Constantinople:—

> It is believed that the revolver exploded in its case at a moment when the Colonel noticed some Turkish ladies outside the waiting-room and desired to make room for them.

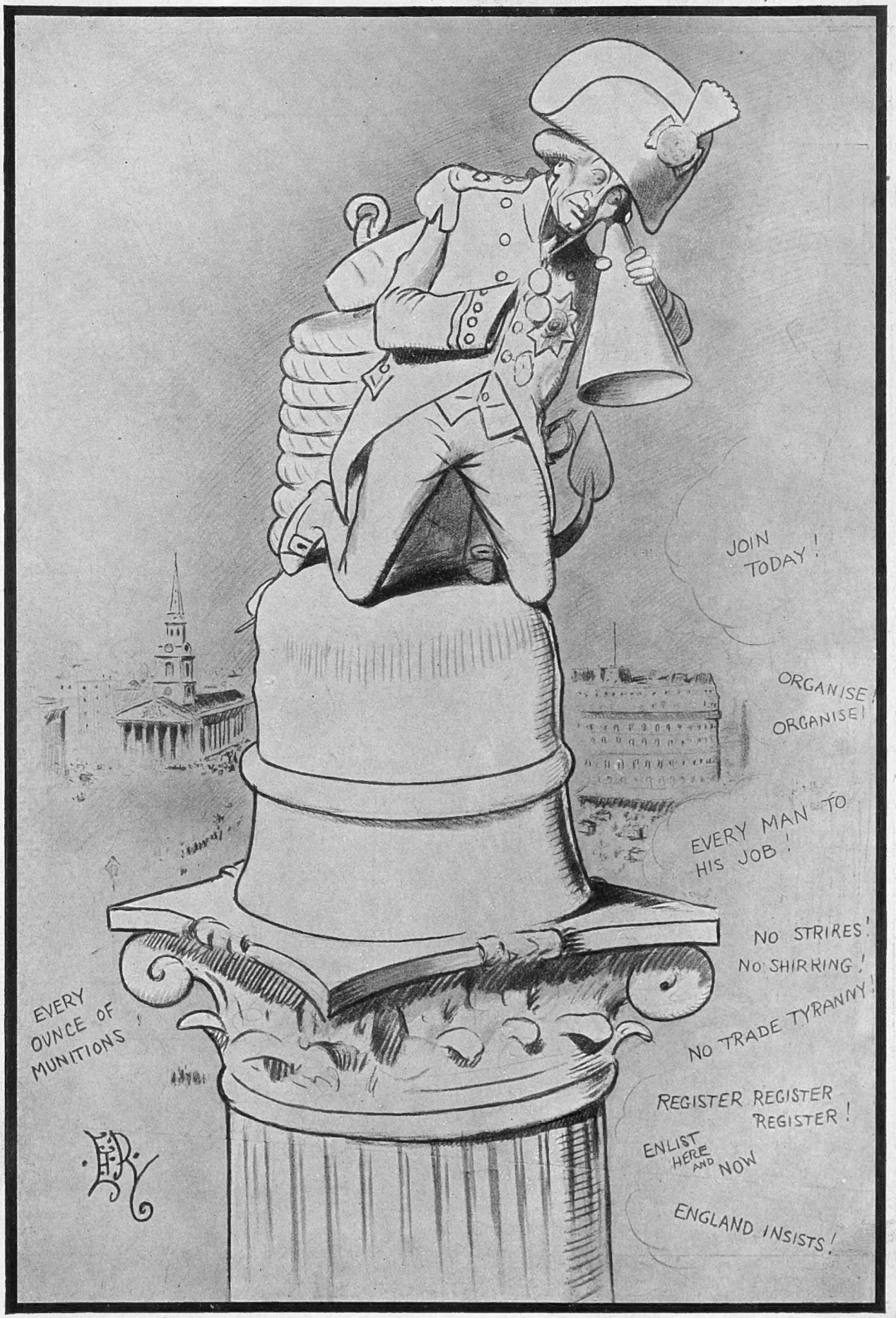
The astonishing event of a German officer behaving as a gentleman was enough to cause any revolver to go off.

Photographs *Lallie Charles and Barrett*

—AND A SOCIETY ONE

The Hon. Ivy Gordon-Lennox, only child of Lord Algernon Charles Gordon-Lennox, a Maid of Honour to Queen Alexandra, and a niece of the Duke of Richmond, to the Marquis of Titchfield (Royal Horse Guards), son and heir of the Duke of Portland and A.D.C. to Sir John French

"England Insists —"



NELSON: "Well! After all the d——d seditious rubbish and nonsense my Lions and I have had to listen to down there all these years, this is distinctly refreshing!!"

THE MAN WHO WON THE V.C.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY CAUSERIE ON SOCIAL LIFE AT HOME

LONDON, *July* 5, 1915.

DEAR COUSIN—

THOUGH in the House of Commons last week a man straight from the Front did very bluntly and indiscreetly inform us that we still failed altogether to grasp "the meaning, size, and significance of this war," we in England, now, have got, at any rate, this far—we don't immediately turn and rend, or even definitely damn as alarmist or pessimist or traitor, any who dares for one moment to suggest (1) that this war's not a picnic or (2) that never mind what we do—or don't do—we must, of course, ultimately win.

* * *

The situation, you see, gives to think—and not entirely of victory. The enemy's going strong, and shows at the moment marvellously few signs of that done-for condition the confirmed bright-siders ascribed to him—let me see, somewhere about last Christmas. And as for us—in Flanders we've stuck fast, in the Dardanelles it's horrid, in the North Sea we're struggling not to get stale, and here at home, where we haven't finished yet with raids and things, we're simply hanging on Lloyd George's lips about those shells.

* * *

So the topics of the week are very war-like ones, if not actually about the fighting, and instead of talking such a lot about what they're doing at the Front and how they're doing it we're seeing for a change if there isn't anything we can do at home. To the great satisfaction, apparently, of the men out there.

* * *

"There is general relief here," I've just read in a letter from Flanders, "that the home papers have dropped their unhealthy optimism and that the country's really awake at last. Conscription at once is our most fervent hope, I do assure you."

* * *

The National Register, the Munitions Bill, the War Loan, and the Thrift Campaign—I don't know which has struck popular imagination most. Perhaps the Register, because it's stranger and newer and a bit of a leap in the dark, and also because it includes women—quite a new Government departure. No one knows quite what's going to come of it. It's something so very personal, affecting one's whole scheme of life—that's if it means anything at all. Whereas the others, for all their tremendous importance, touch us only on the economic side.

Though whether anything really tangible and solid and useful will come of the registering scheme—well, I wouldn't care to put my money on it. These great Government plans have such a way of fizzling out when some big interests or other put their feet down and object. Look at that wonderful, colossal Anti-Drink Bill that just melted away into thin air in less than a week. What's left of it? Only that we mustn't drink whisky under the age of three!

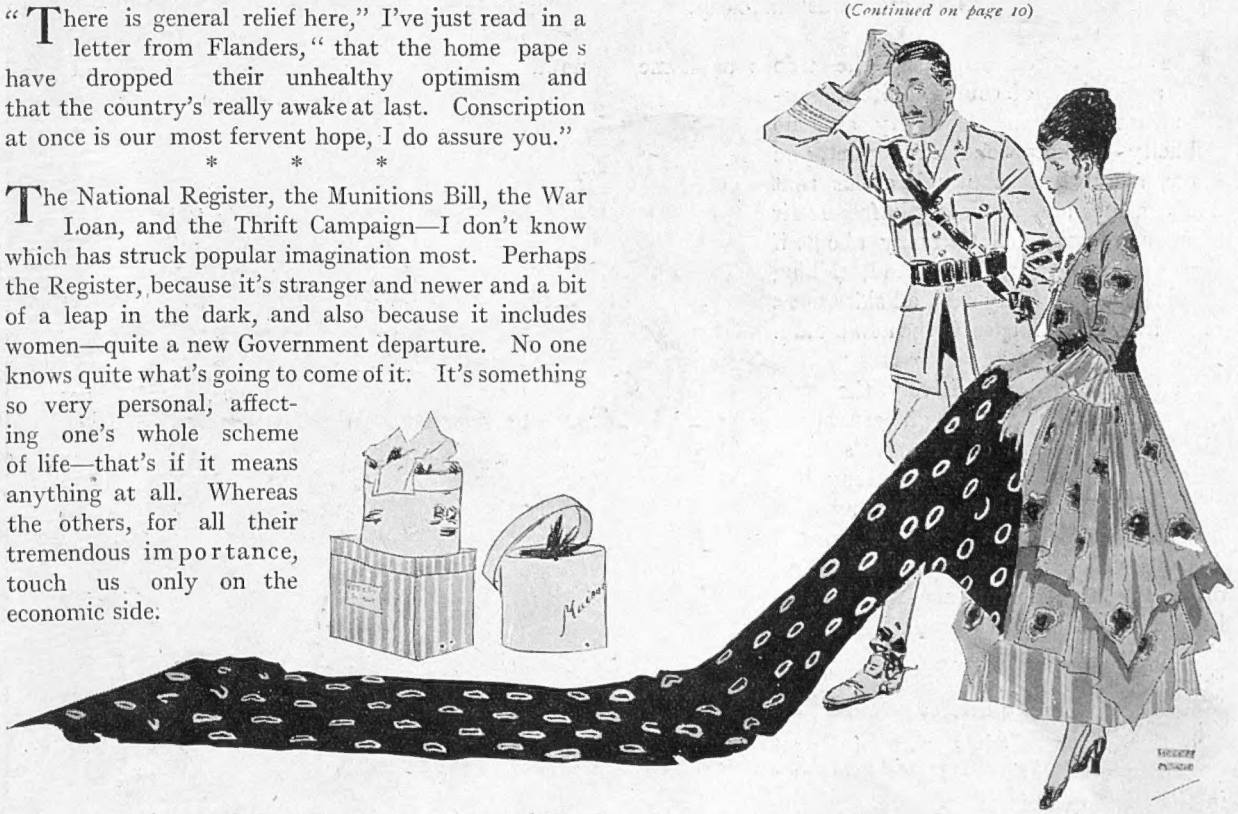
* * *

But it's amusing, and, of course, edifying to watch the new and old Ministers all doing their new little turns under the new *régime*. The P.M. and Mr. Bonar Law telling us how to economise, Mr. Walter Long mobilising us all for war-work, Mr. Lloyd George madly munitioning, Mr. McKenna advising us about our loan investments (no reasonable offer refused), Mr. Runciman regulating our coal prices (at last!), and even ex-Ministers like Lord Haldane popping up to tell us "The Duty of the Nation in this Crisis."

* * *

And to keep them well up to the mark there are Liberals as well as Conservatives. Captain Guest, as I've told you, came hot from the trenches to urge immediate Conscription—much to his party's dismay. And the heckler-in-chief, of course, is Sir Arthur Markham, who *will* ask the most embarrassing questions, such as who told the P.M. that we'd got heaps of shells, and why can't we have a business War Office, and all those things the really nice, quiet, not-a-bit-of-trouble member wouldn't *think* of asking.

(*Continued on page 10*)

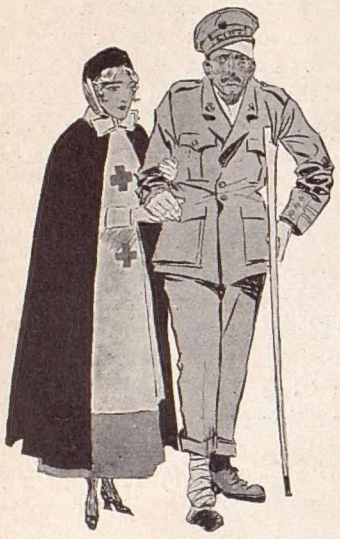


"All the same I don't see how we can possibly be economical with the skirts the width they are, and using up enough stuff to make curtains for Buckingham Palace"

But Sir Arthur's a rich Radical, and you know what that means—silly to offend it and not to keep on the right side of it (if you're a wise thing in Premiers).

* * *

Of course, everyone's bought War Loan—it's like wearing a ten-yard-round skirt where you once wore a one-yarder. You may as well take the plunge quick and with a good grace, and be right in the movement from the start. And some women I know aren't half swanking about it either. Talk casually about their investments (£20 worth in P.O. vouchers, and sneaked from the housekeeping money at that).



"When the men are sent home—hurt and spent and wanting all the love and care that can be lavished on them"

* * *

In fact, War Loan's "it," like fat round tortoise-shell glasses or khaki or Red Cross badges or brassards or a new fur coat for the garden-parties. I'm told business has been positively at a deadlock on 'Change because everyone wanted to buy and no one to sell. You give vouchers now instead of mugs for christening presents, ditto wedding and birthday, and to little boys at their school sports instead of flasks and clocks and cruets and things—all sorts of amounts down to just one wee five bob's worth of Government stock for second in the hundred yards' handicap.

* * *

The King's been inspecting the troops at home again, but, of course, quite a war-time inspection, no pageantry and no publicity—we keep wonderfully quiet, you know, about little things like this that don't matter and that our still free-as-air aliens can easily tell Germany about, if they think it's worth it. And, talking of armies, I'm hearing from all sides what really awfully useful people the new lot are.

* * *

You see, they're positively the only ones who've all through been taught absolutely the kind of war that's being fought now. There are something like three millions of them, they say, and from the very first, when they started *minus* nearly everything you can think of in the way of military kit, they've had officers from the actual Front to show them what's actually being done there.

* * *

So they've travelled a sort of Royal road to fighting. Half of what's in the text-books is out-of-date. Result—they haven't bothered with it. Even the Regulars of the old school, with all their discipline, hadn't anything like their chances. They've cut out the drills and the frills and got straight to practising the real business.

* * *

No new plays for the moment, which is quite a change, and one reminder that the holiday season isn't far ahead. People seem to be leaving town, if anything, sooner than usual this year, partly, I suppose, as they're doing in Paris, so as to get away for a time from the awful strain and tension of it. In our English country and at the seaside it's very, very difficult really to realise how very, very really England is at war, and a good many people are evidently going to have holidays very much, if not quite, as usual.

* * *

Lots of us, though, simply can't, or don't dare, to leave town. For some of us it's war-work, and then there are so many who are just waiting and watching and won't risk the chance of not being on the spot when news comes of their men or when the men themselves are sent home—hurt and spent and wanting all the love and care that can be lavished on them. Something like a thousand wounded a day are coming in now, you know, and that means a lot even in a population of so many millions.

* * *

You can't keep war out of anything now, you know, even art. That Serbian sculptor everybody's raving about—Mestrovic. His work's splendid, of course, but I don't think people would be running after it quite so much—and to the Victoria and Albert Museum of all places—if it wasn't for the special booming it's had on account of the reputed impropriety of some of the pieces.

* * *

Certainly they are rather lovely, his things, in the massive, semi-barbarous style that people like nowadays. No neat, smart, sweet stuff in the regular

(*Continued on page 12*)

"They come with a gold pencil on a jewelled chain, a note-book, a lorgnette, and a gardener"

Society Portraits of Current Interest

Photograph Vevonde

MISS IRENE DE POURTALES

Twin daughter of Comtesse de Pourtales, of 14 Portman Square. She is one of the best-known girls in Society, and her home is noted both as a rendezvous of clever people and for works of art, of which her mother is a celebrated collector

Photograph Lallie Charles

THE HON. ALETHEA GARDNER

Second daughter of Lord and Lady Burghclere, who was married to Mr. Geoffrey Fry, son of Mr. F. J. Fry, Lord of the Manor of Cricket St. Thomas, Somerset, at the Church of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, on Wednesday last

Photograph Val l'Estrange

MISS ELEANOR HENNESSY

Daughter of Mr. W. J. Hennessy, the artist, and Mrs. Hennessy, of Rudgwick, Sussex, who is to marry the Hon. Paul A. Methuen, Second Lieutenant 3rd (Reserve) Scots Guards, son of Field-Marshall Lord Methuen, Governor of Malta, and Lady Methuen, of Corsham Court, Wilts.

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 10)

Canova style. It's heroic and archaic and fierce like war itself, and elemental and deeply passionate like the country it comes from—colossal torsos, great piebald snorting horses, knotted and frowning heroes.

* * *

Our Victorian parents would just have shivered, lowered their eyes, passed by on the other side, and murmured "Not *quite* nice!" But we simply pour in—and take the girls. It's "swish," you see, as they say in that quite delicious comedy, *The Angel in the House*, at the Savoy—which means, being interpreted, the right thing.

* * *

But simple amusements are the thing, of course, in this year, that's fallen so far from grace, of 1915. Flower shows are our great stand-by whenever we're fed up with works of the "good" variety. Two Queens were at last week's Rose Show, and they're holding the big Holland House one this week as usual, as well as the theatrical one for the distressed offspring of that "Profession" which does seem to be able to do itself so simply fearfully well at Murray's and the Savoy and other nice economical places, and every other week people with big gardens and things flock as usual to the Horticultural Shows in Vincent Square.

* * *

You know the sort—they come with a gold pencil on a jewelled chain, a notebook, a lorgnette, and a gardener and just say "MacTavish, I'll have a clump of that blue stuff on the south border of the sunken garden under the north-west terrace."

Sometimes I just *long* to say "Ya-as, and I'll have sixpen'north of the pink to go with the pansy in the north-south-east-west window-box."

* * *

Shopping, by the way, has been another of the week's recreations. The sales are on in Dover Street, as well as in Brixton, and women, rich and poor, plain and pretty, fat and lean, short and tall, good and bad, have been falling over themselves bargain-hunting. Sometimes, true, they do acquire the fashions of yesterday instead of to-morrow. But they are *so* cheap, and you know Mr. Asquith—shades of Poiret in Downing Street!—says we simply *must* be economical.

* * *

All the same, I really don't see how we possibly can be, with the skirts the width they are and using up enough stuff to make curtains for Buckingham Palace nearly, even though they do leave off so early, both top and bottom. And the perfectly fearful outlay on boots and stockings and things, which it's simply no good trying to trifle with when you show such a fearful lot of them.

* * *

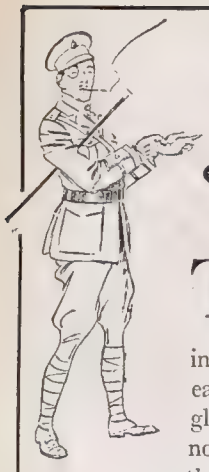
Someone's just said somewhere that we're fast becoming a race of round, short women, sprightly rather than graceful or dignified, who dance along on high heels with short full skirts and tall collars and wide-brimmed flat hats. But I think, on the whole, we manage to look quite nice, don't you? Some of us, anyway. With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARY

Arriving at the Palace Theatre to witness the Special Matinée given yesterday (Tuesday) week, in aid of the London (Royal Free Hospital) School of Medicine for Women. The Matinée, which was organised by the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Paget, and Mr. Alfred Butt, was a great success, and realised over £1500

THE DREAM



About Subalterns.

BY "VIM"

THERE are so many kinds of subaltern nowadays. There is the young and careless subaltern in the early twenties, there is the earnest, careworn subaltern (with glasses) in the thirties, and last, but by no means least in size and importance, there is the gay young thing of forty-*something*, who—determined not to be left out in the cold, cheerless atmosphere of civil life—gallantly throws his weight (some fifteen or sixteen stone) into the scale against the Kaiser.

My particular subaltern belonged to the first degree, and blew in on me quite unexpectedly. The last time I had seen him he was doing his best to shove along a racing four at a certain regatta in July, 1914, and his sudden appearance in the part of the wounded soldier took me by surprise. He had always been a joyous youth (too joyous, perhaps, for peace purposes), and I found that he was still joyous notwithstanding the fact that some misguided German bullet had knocked a chip out of the side of his head and seriously jangled up the contents of it. Like most men who have been "out there," he was not inclined to be very communicative, but by dint of questioning I got a good deal out of him. It appeared that he had been in the trenches during January and February up to his neck in mud and water, and had been "lucky" enough to take part in two "assaults." The "luck" consisted in winning two lot-drawing competitions amongst the subalterns of the regiment, who *all* wanted to go on such festive occasions.

"Now tell me," I said, "what actually happens in an assault?"

"Well, it's like this. You lead your men out of the trench and rush them as fast as you can up to the other trench. Then you get through the barbed wire entanglements, and directly you've done that the Germans come out of their trench, and the two crowds meet with a bang. The subaltern, being in front, generally runs into the arms of some fat German sergeant—at least, that's what happened to me in my first assault. I thought he'd got me, too—but he hadn't. And then we were so mixed up with each other that I couldn't use my bayonet properly, however I managed to get hold of the handle and jab it into him that way. The worst of it was I couldn't get it out again, so I had to finish the business with a German rifle. We cleared 'em out all right, though. The Germans are a slow-moving lot, and they're not trained for individual fighting."

I did *not* ask him how he had felt during these strenuous proceedings, his whole demeanour showed so unmistakably that he had felt nothing at all except the sheer joy of fighting and risking his life. It was the danger that both attracted and stimulated him.

I considered this fascinating, but (to me) unfamiliar, aspect of the question for some time, and then I remarked (with just a tinkle of regret in my voice):

"You must have seen some queer things."

"Yes," he said slowly, "I did, but the queerest of all happened during my second assault. My platoon was on the extreme right of the regiment and in the trenches alongside us there lived a Highland crowd—*real* Scotchmen—as full of buck as they could hang together, who spent their time with their tongues hanging out for a shindy of some sort. When these chaps heard that we were told off for an assault they put in for permission to go along with us, but were refused. The time came, and I led my men out of the trench and started off, when suddenly there was a tremendous hullabaloo on our right. I looked round, and there were our Scotch friends coming out of their trenches in battle array. They had taken off their tunics, rolled up their shirt sleeves, and tucked their kilts inside their belts. The effect, to an Englishman, was excruciatingly funny, and if there had been time for such a thing I should have screamed with laughter, but I often wonder what kind of an English devil the Germans fancied had come for them."

The subaltern of the second degree is not so interesting and picturesque. He is too much in earnest about his regimental work and too little concerned about the human side of the question and the big issues of the war generally. As a rule he has not been "out there," and, consequently, he will discourse you by the hour on the handling of platoons and other deadly engines of war until you feel almost tempted to ask him what a platoon really is, and are only deterred by lack of moral courage. All the same, he is an excellent fellow, and will do his duty according to the red books, even if the skies fall, notwithstanding that he has strong views on the question of pay.

In what terms am I to describe the subaltern of the third degree? He is simply great, and I can never tire either of looking at or listening to him. Distinctly one of the "bhoys," he exhales an atmosphere of *bonhomie* and Scotch whiskey so artfully blended that it is impossible to tell t'other from which. He is a cheery soul, and does not take his uniform too seriously. As often as not he is a doctor-man employed in a London hospital, and I have often wondered whether breeches and gaiters have some special healing effect on the mind or body of the wounded soldier. However, the events of the past ten months have made me very humble-minded, and I am now quite positive that there are innumerably more things in heaven and earth (especially the latter) than were even glimpsed in any philosophy that I or anybody else ever heard of. The subaltern of the third degree is doing his bit—just as seriously and effectively as the hardest worked man in the trenches.

Discovery of the River Thames

AS A PLEASANT PLACE FOR THE AIRING OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS

Photographs *Topical*

In the olden days, London's river highway would have occurred to the authorities as the ideal place for convalescents. In our times the river seems almost to have been forgotten. It happens, happily however, to have been remembered by those responsible for the "airing" of our wounded soldiers, parties of whom are being regularly taken for river trips on the steamer "Conservator"

Adieu, Not Au Revoir

TO GERMAN PRISONERS EN ROUTE BACK TO THE FATHERLAND

TWO VIEWS OF GERMAN PRISONERS MARCHING TO STRATFORD STATION EN ROUTE FOR GERMANY

A further exchange of English and German prisoners was effected early last week. The English, who arrived home on June 29, included some 300 doctors and members of the Red Cross who had been captured at Mons and nearly 100 soldiers who had been taken near Arras and on the Yser. Fifty-three of them had been severely wounded

WHAT NOW of the WAR?

Aspects and Prospects by Land, Sea and Air

In this series of articles we shall publish weekly a view of some phase of the situation from the expert standpoint. The second military article by Major G. W. Redway will appear in our next issue. This week Mr. Fred. T. Jane discusses a subject of naval interest. It must be clearly understood that "The Bystander" does not necessarily agree with the opinions expressed.—ED.

What Geography Means: Submarine "Piracy": The German Motive: By Fred. T. Jane

THE geographical area of the war is a wide term. The limit of this naval war is—or, rather, was—the entire world. To-day circumstances have constricted the area; and, as I shall presently show, this constriction of area is the really important feature of the sea war.

Let us, however, begin by considering the matter in its two salient phases. There are but two. Of these the first was the World War, which was entirely a commercial matter. Here the situation was Germany preying upon British trade, our cruisers being mainly or entirely upon the defensive, because, when all is said and done, the amount of German merchantmen to be picked up amounted to next to nothing. Incidentally, it may be remarked that for some weeks before we "provoked" Germany into war her merchant ships lay idle in harbour, thus reducing possible results still more. That, however, is of little moment here or there. The main point is that Germany's first effort was to attack our commerce by every means in her power. And had it not been for the First Sea Lord of those days, Prince Louis of Battenberg (just about that time being described as a potential spy, traitor, and what not) Germany would have succeeded easily. For every cruiser which she actually set loose on the seas she would have had at least three, but for Prince Louis. He kept the whole British Fleet mobilised, and German commerce raiders preferred to stay at home. The chances of getting clear away were infinitesimal, because once there was the least prospect of war it was certain as noonday that any German warship going down Channel or round the North of Scotland would be "shadowed" by something swifter and more powerful than herself.

Here geography meant everything to us. Had the positions been reversed, had the German Fleet been infinitely more powerful than ours, German trade equally infinitely more numerous, we—as a casual glance at the map will show—could have sent out commerce raiders without let or hindrance by virtue of our superior geographical position.

Germany, of course, was for years fully aware of her disadvantages. Equally was she aware of the fact that any harbours she might have far abroad were bound to be blocked by the British Navy.

Consequently she evolved a very ingenious plan of secret neutral bases with supply ships to issue therefrom to feed the corsairs at various deserted spots on the high seas. The British Navy met this scheme by gradually cutting off the supply ships; but the ocean being a very large place, this necessarily took a considerable time. Indeed, the difficulties were such that had not Prince Louis of Battenberg acted as he did at the critical moment the geographical area of the Sea War would still be world-wide. More, the German plan might have succeeded. It failed because it rested essentially on cruisers getting out at "the selected moment," before the British Navy could be ready and shut the door. The British Navy, however, *was* ready.

The failure of the world sea war coincided with the adoption of the German "submarine blockade"—the "piracy" of the sensational Press. There is some reason to believe that this second phase has been called just what Germany wished it to be called, calculated that it would be called, and rested her hopes of success on its being so called.

For the man in the street a certain amount of hysteria about the war is desirable; but only a certain amount. Germany probably never expected any material result out of her present submarine operations in the restricted area. What she secured—even the *Lusitania*—was merely an incident, merely a means to the general end of hysteria and "frightfulness." In all this warfare on either line not a single thing has been done which Germany believes he cannot "legally" justify by the letter of International Law.

The public, of course, fails to realise this at present. It fumes; for which the Kaiser cares about as much as he would at being told that Private Schmidt of the 206th Potsdammers was verminous. But he cares much for "legal justification" and its after-effects.

The Zeppelin raids and the East Coast raids are all pitched in a similar key. Things of this sort make our people angry—and they drove Winston Churchill into talking about "baby killing" and "segregating the captured crews of German submarines."

It was just what he was wanted to say. It is just what Germany calculated on. The more they can drive us to minimise losses and to exaggerate successes and to lavish abuse, the more optimistic will be their calculations. There is no surer bar to recruiting than "All's well."

(Continued on page 18)

WHAT NOW OF THE WAR? (concluded from page 17)

It is a bold thing to say, perhaps; but I for one am perfectly convinced that the comparative failure of the submarine blockade was, to some considerable extent, "arranged for" by Germany. The proof of it, paradoxical as it may seem, is, I think, the sinking of the *Lusitania* without warning. It was probably done with a view to making the submarine blockade appear bigger than it is, with a view to distracting attention from the peculiar psychology of the German mind. In any case, the cost of sinking the *Lusitania* must from first to last have exceeded the value of that ill-fated ship, and any of us who know Germans at all know that, however ready they may be to say "Gott strafe England," they are the last people in the world to invest capital without expectation of some kind of return.

Von Tirpitz's brain may, perhaps, not be so big as his whiskers. But merely crediting him with ordinary intelligence it seems to me that from his point of view everything depends upon extending the geographical area available for German operations.

If we can be deluded as a Navy or as a nation into thinking that Germany has thrown up the sponge and is merely content to wreak childish vengeance on all and sundry within the narrow geographical areas to which Germany is now confined, the greater the chance of getting through the door and attacking once again that commerce which is the life blood of the British Empire.

There are many cases on record in which Germany has, at the cost of at least five thousand pounds, sunk some insignificant trawler worth five hundred pounds at the outside.

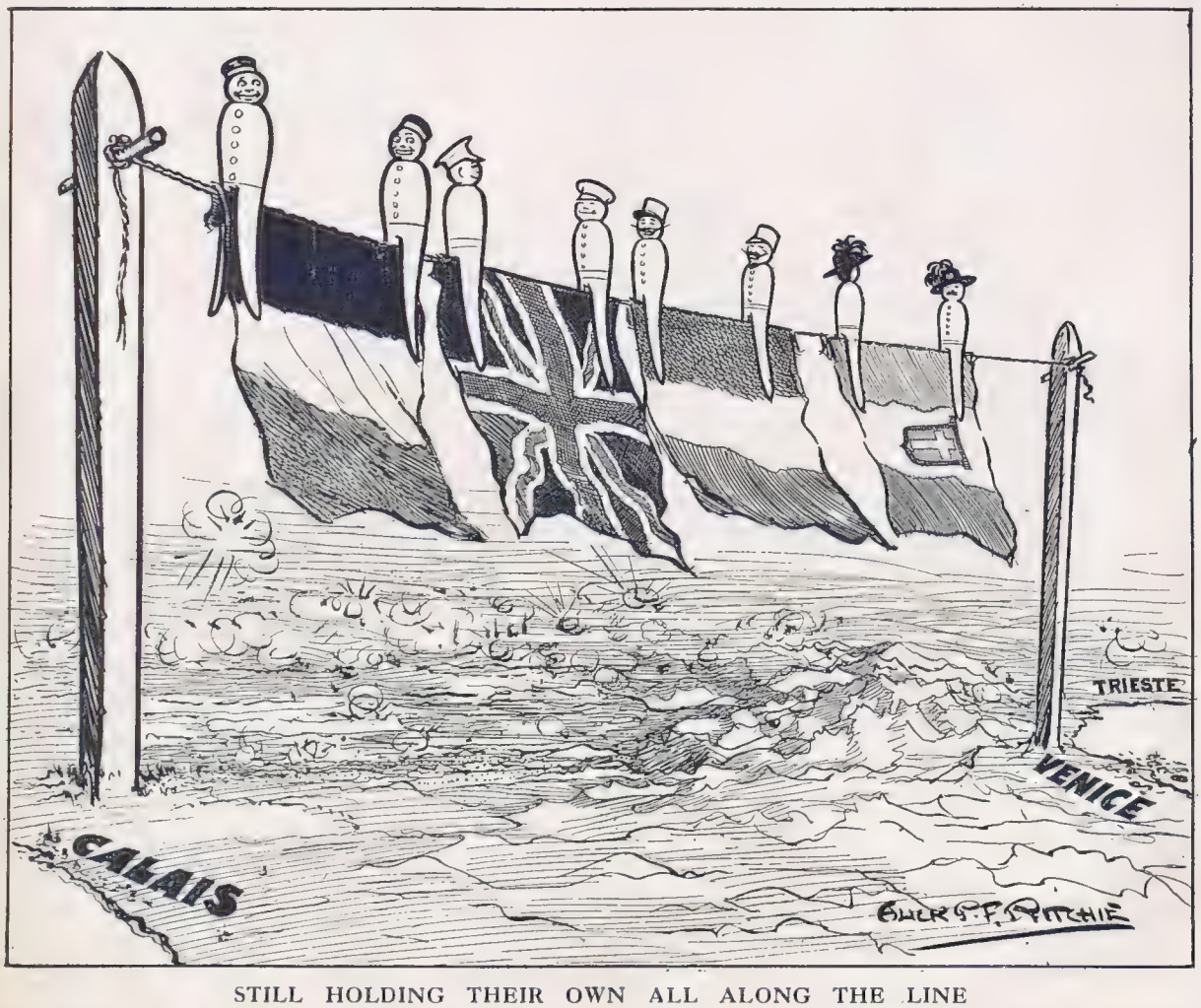
Every reader of this journal has come across Germans in the past. Nearly everyone has at some time or other also come across a German with a very decided grievance. But I'll wager that there is not a single one who has ever come across a German who would spend ten pounds on the off-chance of causing his enemy to lose one pound. For that matter, in shillings, or even in pence!

To sum up. Germany *must* expand her geographical area or accept defeat so far as the sea is concerned. No German in authority is fool enough to think that British trade is to be annihilated and Britain starved into surrender by the sinking of fishing boats. There is something behind.

On the whole I am inclined to think that someone has removed Mr. Churchill to a sphere in which something more serious than talk about "baby killing" and "segregating pirates" is considered "useful ammunition."

Mr. Balfour (or his advisers for him) has dropped all that kind of tosh. From it we may take a hopeful augury that in future the British Navy will be left to deal with its own special problem in its own special way without assistance from potential political supporters who know nothing about the Navy and nothing about Germany.

Another article by Mr. JANE next week.



STILL HOLDING THEIR OWN ALL ALONG THE LINE

The Only Way

OF BESTING THE BRITISH NAVY

Why not destroy the British Fleet by dropping the German Fleet on it from Zeppelins?

"Somewhere in Flanders"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM AN OFFICER AT THE FRONT—XVI.

My Dear Bystander—

If there is one class of world-worker above another who in normal times of peace is deserving of human sympathy it is surely the grey-bearded station-master engaged in the unenviable occupation of coping with holiday traffic at any busy London terminus in summer weather. But when there is added to the heat, responsibility, and general confusion the constant and unsettling proximity of extra-special German projectiles which weigh just short of a ton, mere sympathy would appear a mockery.

* * *

I have in mind the vision of a rotund little figure with a full square beard engineering the departure of trains packed to overflowing with humanity in flight from a town which the Boches have honoured with their attention through the medium of a giant gun.

* * *

The station platform is littered with piles of bedding, bundles of linen, and with household goods of every shape and variety, ranging from a Beatrice hand stove to a Tom cat secured in a fish basket, most of which have been left behind or forgotten in the eagerness to board the train. Here is a woman of the *bourgeoisie* running round in a circle like a distracted hen searching for her progeny, which (unbeknown to her) has already been pushed on board by a perspiring aunt at a different part of the train, while the aunt, for her part, whizzes up and down the platform seeking the nephew of her sister-in-law's cousin, who (if she only knew it) has already found a seat on the luggage rack in the second carriage from the engine. Those on the train are shouting for the train to start, and those still on the platform are clamouring to get on board. And yet there are some people who think that station-mastering is quite a soft job!

* * *

What annoys the civilian inhabitants of Blankville (as I am sure the Censor would like me to call the place) is not so much the actual bombardment as the lack of consideration shown them by the apostles of Kultur. Thus, it was several months ago when the first Jack Johnson made its *début* in the town, and as a natural sequence a certain exodus took place. The shooting continued for some little time, and then of a sudden perfect and unexpected peace descended upon the land. Thus it came about that after many weeks of absolute stagnation the wanderers installed in the neighbouring towns and even as far afield as London, cursing themselves for their premature haste, begin to hasten home with paraphernalia complete.

* * *

And no sooner do they cross their own hearthstone and start unpacking the kitchen utensils than the hate propaganda breaks out again with redoubled vigour, and off they start on their travels again! It is a restless sort of life, and makes little appeal to the aged or to folk with rheumatic joints.

* * *

Few people speak with more bitterness of the Germans than does the Veuve Jacquard who purveys comestibles at the corner of a nameless street in Blankville. It appears that at the time of the latest shooting affray the old lady was in the enjoyment of her bi-annual bathe, and was in the act of reaching out for the pummice-stone when, without the slightest warning, the floor beneath her disappeared from view, precipitating her and the bath with some violence into the scullery sink on the *rez-de-chaussée*. Shaken, but quite uninjured, she remained disporting herself among the coffee grounds in the sink until the timely arrival of a rescue party of French soldiers, and with one catching hold of her by the heels and another by the head, Veuve Jacquard, garbed in the outfit with which Nature had endowed her at her birth, was carried to the sanctuary of a neighbouring pork butcher's cellar. It is reported that the old lady is in entire agreement with a certain section of the medical fraternity who contend that excess of bathing is injurious to the body.

"I'M SURE THEY'LL 'EAR THIS DAMN THING SQUEAKIN'"

In explanation of this sketch, our artist, Capt. Bairnsfather (Royal Warwickshire Regt.), writes: "In a wretched shelled-out village where we spent several winter months, the Boches trained a machine-gun on the only pump that still worked, and at night at the slightest squeak of the handle would make the drawing of our daily water supply a doubtful pleasure. Anyone who has lived for several months within 300 yards of the enemy will know this feeling"

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

Mlle. Dorziat, Fatalist

A FRENCH ACTRESS ON THE WAR

MLLE. GABRIELLE DORZIAT, the distinguished French actress, who, supported by Mr. Owen Nares, opened at the Coliseum the other day in *The Way to Win*, is, she asserts, a fatalist. The play itself was suggested to Edward Knoblauch, the author of *Marie Odile*, after hearing Mlle. Dorziat's trying experiences in Rheims (her home) during a recent twenty-eight hours' bombardment by the Germans. All through this terrible time, when the terror-stricken inhabitants were taking refuge in cellars, Mlle. Dorziat says she had no fear of death. She felt that she would come through it all right, and she did.

"I think," said she, "when one has been face to face with death one learns that it is only the narrow and selfish-minded who fear death. Personally, I think what has to be will be. I was a passenger on the ill-fated *Lusitania* on her last completed voyage. Before we started we were warned that the Germans intended to sink the ship, and many passages were cancelled in consequence. As a matter of fact, we were actually chased by a submarine, ineffectively, of course, or I should not now be here talking to you in the Carlton Hotel."

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

MLLE. GABRIELLE DORZIAT

Who has lately appeared in a new sketch at the London Coliseum "The Way to Win," by Edward Knoblauch, in which she represents 'La France' and recites the Marseillaise. Mr. Owen Nares plays with her the part of a young sculptor

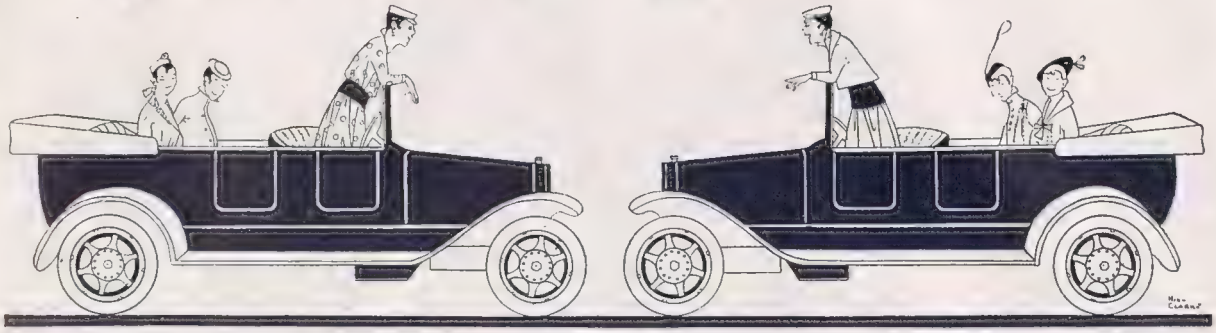
Mlle. Dorziat really believes that all events are subject to fate and happen by unavoidable necessity—even the war. She thinks that in spite of the awful sacrifice it means to France that it was necessary to the emancipation of France. "France," said she, "or, at least, Paris, was getting too frivolous. The effect of the war on the French character will be lasting. We shall lose much of our lightness, and must make up our minds to be poor; but I am certain we will become a stronger and a greater nation afterwards."

Mlle. Dorziat said she will never forget a visit she paid the other day to a big hospital "somewhere in France," to recite to the wounded. "I was suddenly faced with 500 of my own countrymen, all wounded, some beyond recognition. For some moments I felt choked with emotion. No words would come! There were men without eyes and men without legs. I asked one of these brave fellows what he would do with his life now. He smiled. 'Oh!' he said lightly, 'I suppose I shall just sit in the streets (naming some *grande place*) and ask for sous from passers-by.'"

Mlle. Dorziat says we cannot possibly know what the war means to France. We have not been invaded. Invasion is terrible. The French women throughout it all have been wonderful—the mainstay of the nation. She says that if the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, and his clique came to Paris now, and if the men were all killed, the women would tear them to pieces.

A. E. FAHEY

Compulsory Service.



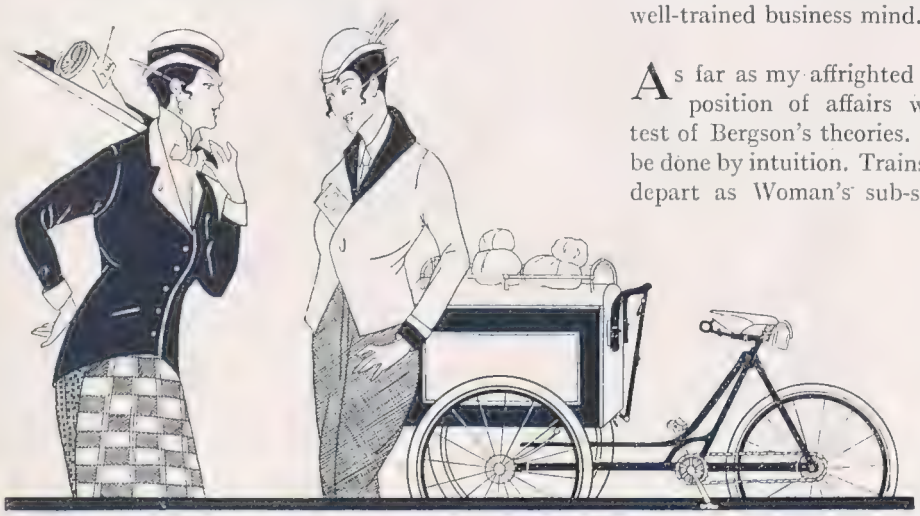
A Forecast of the Influence of Woman in Complete Control at Home

THE talk is all of Compulsory Service, and those BYSTANDER readers who are emphatically for or against may be a little disappointed in this article. It is not a Maude-like digest of the situation; it aims at being philosophic, and the writer fully realises the absurdity of philosophy at such a crisis as this. Nevertheless, he begs you to read on. All criticism up to now has concerned itself (quite properly) with the military side of the situation. Consider, however, its civil lining . . . the effect of the Feminine in complete control of affairs at home.

The contemplation of it, for a moment, beggars description, baffles the most fluent pen.

Here had we men before the war evolved a comparatively perfect system for running the affairs of the British Isles. We had put Business on the pedestal that it deserves, made a creed of technique, efficiency, specialism, ambition; achieved a manly, superbly *impersonal* outlook towards life. Women played their minor parts, and played them well—but the *ensemble* remained magnificently masculine in character.

The whole of this admirable edifice is now threatened with destruction. It can't be helped; the men must go; the women must be left in charge. For the military age-limit is being so raised that men of fifty and sixty years may soon be called; which leaves, of males, only the really aged and the sick.



"Set the time saved over meals against the moments lost over polite remarks, kind enquiries and condolences"

Consider what will happen, what we shall find on our return from the European battlefield.

First, Woman's devastating affability will have wrecked the serious atmosphere surrounding civic life. The trail of the *frou-frou* will be paramount. The proper business atmosphere will be completely ruined by the introduction of the *personal* note. To woman, everyone she meets is an individual—nice or nasty. She looks at you, addresses you, and deals with you as though you were a person—another human being like herself. This sort of thing is fatal to all Administration. It blights her chance of ever cultivating the cool, superior detachment of the Tube liftmen, the booking-clerk, the 'bus conductor, the bobby, of Managers, Directors and Government officials.

Imagine women as Income Tax Surveyors. They would listen with quite dangerous absorption to the narrative of the unhappy one assessed. Affability is a fatal quality for Public servants to possess. It forbids the professional touch—summed up, for instance, in the vigorous slam a porter will give to a carriage-door. That fine sense of efficiency we men have cultivated in the modern world woman will count as nothing beside a gracious manner or an infinite capacity for sympathetic argument. The prospect of such influence is terribly alarming to a well-trained business mind.

As far as my affrighted intelligence can judge, the position of affairs will, at least, be a gigantic test of Bergson's theories. Everything will, of course, be done by intuition. Trains will be driven, arrive, and depart as Woman's sub-sub-conscious mind directs. There will be no such thing as *scheduled* time, only Time—if that. . . . Tube lifts will be worked—by instinct, and police work consist of a psychological divination of the criminal's brutality or inward charm. Business will be the only thing that *doesn't* matter. Offices will never open

(Continued on page 24)

How Women Help

(ACCORDING TO THE PICTORIAL DAILIES)

PLOUGHING

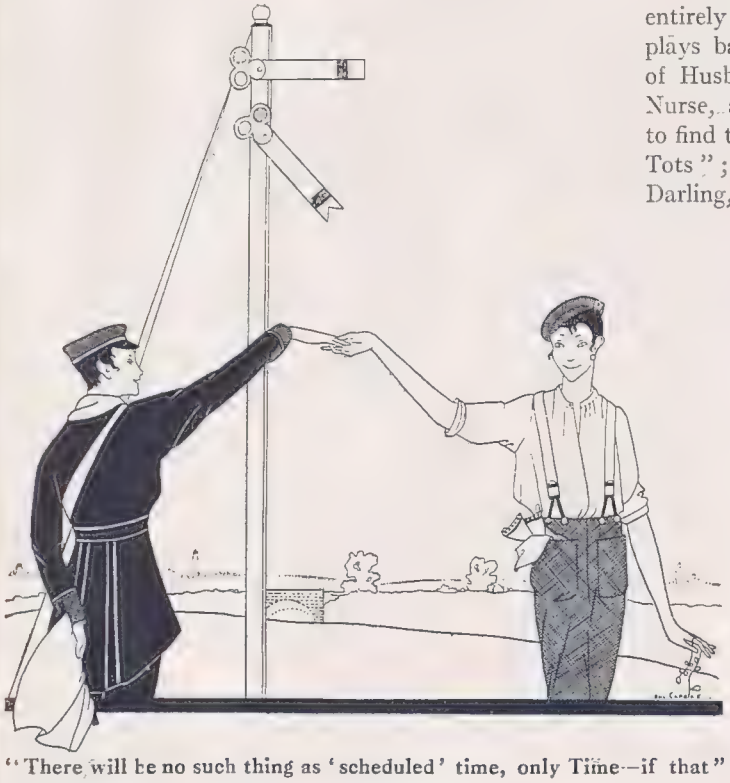
HARVESTING

PASTURING

Sketches adapted (with an eye to reality) from the various illustrations which have appeared recently in the pictorial daily papers showing how lady-helpers are working in the fields

COMPULSORY SERVICE (*concluded from page 22*)

until the afternoon, because the morning hours will be sacred to the ritual of house-keeping. The women may save valuable time over their meals, but set that against the moments lost over polite remarks, kind inquiries, explanations, and condolences, and . . . well, there it is.



"There will be no such thing as 'scheduled' time, only Time—if that"

A cruel inefficiency will reign by reason of its charm. Graciousness will rot the foundations of business and official life.

Consider, too, the frightful danger that will affront the literary and dramatic worlds. Libraries will be mulcted of their most precious tomes. Such books as Mr. Boon's "Edible Fungi" and "Whales in Captivity" will be censored at first sight; while whole shelves will be emptied of deeply theological and scientific works, in order to make room for Bernard Shaw and Montessori's treatises on the Child Mind.

With no male actors the drama must become entirely domestic. We men will return to problem plays based still on the inevitable trio—but instead of Husband, Wife, and Lover it will be Mother, Nurse, and Child. . . . How appallingly boracious to find the chorus at the Gaiety composed of "Tiny Tots"; the Lyceum producing "The Mother's Darling," and Granville Barker's theatre wading through a three-act tragedy entitled with significant simplicity—"The Child."

One other ghastly thought. . . . I see our famous football grounds—Stamford Bridge and Twickenham—turned into open-air *créches!* I picture the little ones making Maypoles of the goal posts and the mothers in the grand stand betting amiably among themselves while their little Tommies and Susies run races on the turf.

So much for our affairs at home if Compulsory Service comes. Chaos I see . . . and again chaos . . . perhaps, *permanent* confusion.

(My wife chips in with: "It will only be a State as Feminine in character as it was previously Masculine.")

[EDITOR (*disinterested*): "That's a nasty one!"]

But I repeat, Women have contempt for what they call among themselves the business man's pomposity; believe me that is nothing to their dangerous Sociability. D.L.-B.

"I picture the little ones making maypoles of the goal-posts"

A Famous Author at Home

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD AT CAPEL HOUSE, NEAR ASHFORD IN KENT

Photographs *Will Cadby*

MR. AND MRS. CONRAD IN THEIR HOME AT CAPEL HOUSE

Known as a novelist for some time only to a comparatively small circle of admirers, Mr. Conrad has lately come into his own, and now commands a big following, as his latest success "Chance" has abundantly proved. Holding, as he does, a Master's Certificate in the Merchant Service he is quite at his best in his stories of the sea

Italian Women and the War

IF the "girl behind the man behind the gun" counts for anything in war we can rely upon her influence in Italy. The great wave of patriotic fervour which swept over Italy causing her at last to break the chain of a hated alliance has gathered up the women as well as the men. It would not be otherwise in a country where the tradition of the Roman mother of the Gracchi still holds good, where Ada Cairoli, who eagerly gave her sons to her country's service, is still a living memory to many.

The spirit of the *Risorgimento* is abroad in the land. Women of all classes have taken part in the great popular demonstrations. You could see them cheering from balconies, mingling with the crowd; fashionably dressed ladies, *bourgeoises*, bare-headed women of the people, all burning with the desire for Italy to do her part in the great war, to throw her sword into the scale against overbearing militarism, bad faith, inhuman barbarity.

Only the other day an Italian *marchesa*, who is also a writer of distinction, told me with enthusiasm of her participation in a great popular outburst. "I could not help it," she said. "I had to wave my flag, to march with them, and sing and cheer." Equally enthusiastic is a little *professoressa* who has spent months in patriotic propaganda, and has now undertaken relief work on an extensive scale among the families of men called to the front. But the best expression of feeling I have yet seen is the letter sent by the poor women of Apulia to Gabriele d'Annunzio. For poetic and dignified simplicity it would be hard to match. This is what they wrote, these women of the people:

"All the roses of the gardens of Apulia we poor Italian mothers would send to you who defend our dear Italy with such strength and such enthusiasm. I who write to you represent all the poor mothers of my town, and all of us, I say, will joyfully give our sons to our country since we bore them for her, and for her only. You who are great, who know how to write things that make people weep, cry aloud again, cry aloud against those who would enslave us for ever. We are not cultured, we hardly know how to read, and I who write am making an enormous effort to tell you our thoughts as well as I can.

"We do not care to know what advantages Italy may get from this war, we want to avenge Belgium, we want to avenge the victims of the *Lusitania* and all the innocent persons so brutally killed by Germany. We want to see the death of the Emperor, that cruel man who has caused so many tears to be shed. You who are great, you who are able, do what we ignorant and obscure women are unable to do, and we shall bless you and teach our children to love you.—A Mother of the People."

This letter from the heart of the people shows the spirit of the women of Italy better than torrents of oratory or reams of description. They are giving cheerfully and gladly sons, husbands, brothers, and lovers, for in this country of conscription all able-bodied men of military age are called to serve.

It is a heavy sacrifice for many with the bread-winner gone, for generous separation allowances are unknown here. Numbers of women will have to depend on their own endeavours for the support of themselves and their children, or on the help of private associations. Yet they face the prospect of deprivation, of bereavement with a courage and cheerfulness nothing short of heroic. They are ready to do what they can, to sacrifice their all if need be.

All over the country women of leisure are giving their time and their money to Red Cross work, to the organisation of relief. One spirit animates them, rich and poor alike, a spirit of high hope and high ideals. They are grave, calm, ready for whatever may come.

There has been little or no cheap enthusiasm and anti-German rioting only in one or two places. This people, hot-blooded and excitable, has shown itself, in contrast to "disciplined and cultured" Germany, dignified, self-possessed, above such outbursts as hymns of hate, outrages upon enemy subjects or envoys. A great idealism underlies the fighting spirit of the nation, shared equally by men and women. As the poor mothers of Apulia have said, material gain is not the object of the war. On the one side it is regarded as the continuation and complement of the *Risorgimento*, the freeing of oppressed and unredeemed provinces, on the other as a protest against German barbarities, a crusade for civilisation.

German atrocities in Belgium and France, linked with memories of forgettable and unforgiven Austrian dominion in Italy, did much to influence Italian opinion. The sinking of the *Lusitania* was the last straw. Not a woman in Italy but shuddered in horror at that tale of murder. And in Italy, as in all civilised countries, the influence of women is strong. A nation whose women are united in one aim and one spirit must, and will, make itself felt.

Efemera

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKIES

THE GUARDS!

"BLACK & WHITE" AND "RED SEAL"

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Le Moulin Rouge" at the Pavilion

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

IT has been alleged that in the old days the first business of the Englishman on arriving in Paris was to visit the Moulin Rouge; and since Paris is for the moment not readily accessible to the ordinary tourist, the Moulin Rouge has very obligingly come to London. As everyone knows, the old Mill itself has been recently destroyed by fire, the work, I have no doubt, of alien enemies who probably hoped by this fell deed to deprive Englishmen of their last excuse for remaining in France. The present revue would appear to represent the chastened spirit of the Parisian in these days of affliction, when he is no longer in the mood to give rein to his reckless and unrestrained wit, but is more disposed, as it were, to hang his harp on the willow and lift his eyes to the hills.

For the most part this revue is all about the war, and I am not quite sure that the choice of subject is a happy one. People go to places of entertainment just now in the effort to forget for an hour or two the shadow that is over them and theirs; instead of which, as the learned magistrate remarked, this revue is simply soaked with bellicosities. We see the different political parties of France sinking their minor differences in the face of the national peril, while the landlords of Paris, who are receiving no rent in wartime, are obliged to adopt the street-singing industry in the effort to chase the overdue meal to its lair. Then there is a formal meeting between Wellington and Cambronne, who, rivals of long ago, are now united against the common enemy. Wellington magnanimously remarks that he is willing to make friends, in spite of the fact that Cambronne was rude to him at Waterloo—a reference presumably to the now historical *mot de Cambronne*, which is the average Frenchman's stand-by in moments of suddenly aroused emotion.

The Revue at the London Pavilion makes alliances even among the Shades

One of the most realistic scenes in the revue is that which shows a trench occupied by British and French soldiers, including a large specimen of the "Turco" breed. The spectacle of the representatives of the two great nations fraternising is, of course, enthusiastically received, but the scene is no more than a picturesque record of the obvious. The difficulties of a Scots soldier endeavouring, with the aid of a pocket dictionary, "to be courteous and no more than courteous" (see Army regulations) to a lively *midinette* are well emphasised by Mr. Frank Attree and Mlle. Leo Darly, though it seems to me that when a nice girl throws her arms round your neck and says that she loves you dearly, it is time to put your dictionary back in your pocket, and let the language difficulty slide. We have, by the way, already been favoured with a scene of this sort on the stage in a Barrie play; but I judge, from internal evidence and inductive ratiocination, that Sir James has had nothing to do with the version at the London Pavilion.

According to the programme, one of the items is a reproduction of the celebrated quadrille of the Moulin Rouge. The Quadrille is there right enough, but it does not seem a very hilarious affair away from its customary surroundings. I think the Quadrille owed much of its success to the fact that it was danced among the spectators. Performed on the stage in specially designed and most artistic costumes, it loses half its daring. Morals, as we know, are a matter of geography. If a scantily attired dancer appears on the stage we are interested or shocked according to the mood of the moment, or the way we have been brought up. But if the scantily attired dancer were suddenly to appear in Trafalgar Square, where should we be then? (The answer to

(Continued on page 32)

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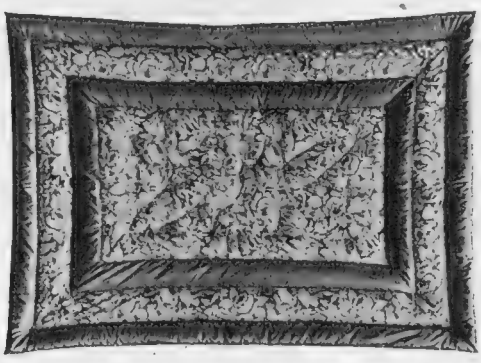

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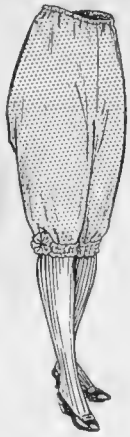

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The New Revue at the "Pav."

The new Revue at the London Pavilion is necessarily very military in character, since it comes from Paris, where the people are not allowed to forget the war for a moment

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded from page 28)

this riddle is — in Trafalgar Square). Half of the charm of the old Moulin Rouge Quadrille was supplied by the picturesque comments of the spectators—though I readily agree that this detail of the production scarcely lends itself to presentation on the stage in good old London.

A scene that is not very illuminating is that in which we are shown an engaged Belgian couple on their way to Havre to be married. It appears that if the wedding were to take place in Brussels it would be performed by the "Boches," and this, the prospective bride informs us, would be too horrible. It may be so, of course, but as we do not know anything about German rule in Brussels we are not able fully to appreciate the ghastly horror of such a ceremony. If the "Boches" have revived the ancient rule of *les droits du Seigneur* our sympathies are naturally with the young people; but until we know what danger they are flying from it is not easy to take a very great interest in their welfare, beyond, of course, wishing them joy, first a girl and then a boy, and all the rest of it. A very good idea that might be improved upon is the production of a portion of the opera *Faust*, played no longer in the German style, but according to the taste of leading artistes from our allied countries. In spite of the repudiation of Teutonic influence, however, Marguerite (represented skilfully by Mr. Frank Attree) still wears her hair in the two long plaits of the German flapper, whereas a Marguérite with an up-to-date Parisian *coiffure*, with frills to match, would have been more consistent with the declared programme of the authors.

Photograph *Campbell-Gray*

MLLE. EMILY BENNETT

Of the Belgian Opera Company, as "Delilah." On Monday next at the Palladium Theatre a performance in aid of soldiers who have lost their sight in the War will be given by the Company of scenes from various well-known Operas, including "Samson and Delilah," in which Mlle. Bennett will appear

Special dancing of a very high degree of perfection is given by M. Goudin, of Petrograd, and Mlle. Andrée Dhéry. Perhaps a little more humour could be socked into the production without overdoing the fun of it; but no doubt, like most other entertainments of its kind, it will grow in grace as time rolls on. JINGLE

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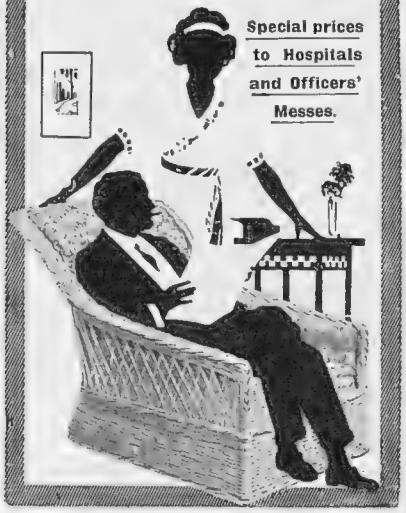

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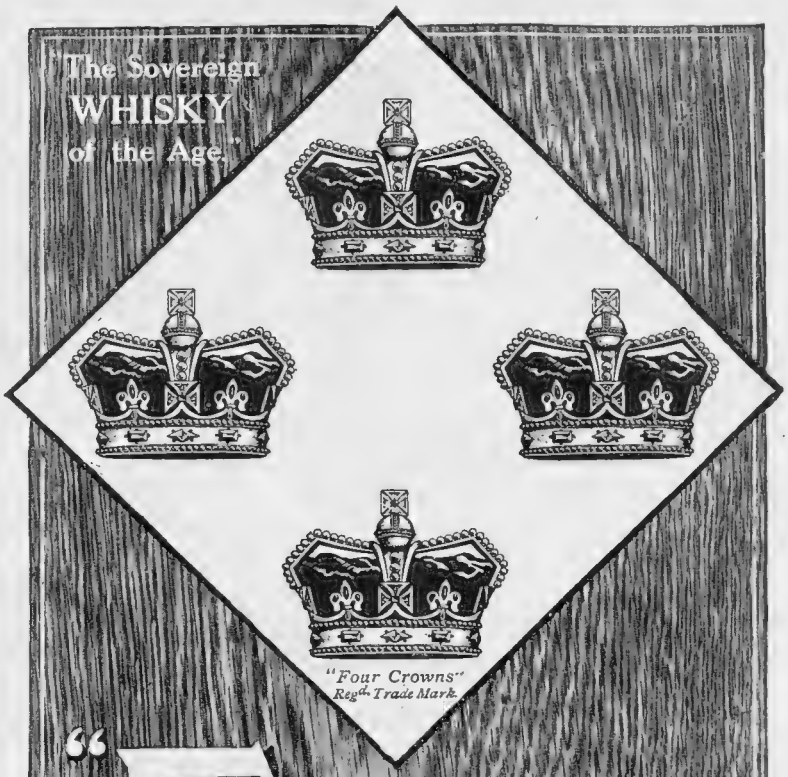

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Books of the Week

A STRIKING NOVEL AND TWO WAR BOOKS

"Jaffery"

GOOD novels are scarce at the moment, novels, I mean, which make you unpatriotic enough to forget the war altogether—for two or three hours. Of such a kind is Mr. William J. Locke's new story, *Jaffery* (Lane : 6*s*.). Jaffery himself is one of the most lovable of all Mr. Locke's portraits. He is a large, lion-hearted fellow with a huge appetite—a war correspondent with all the erratic habits of his kind. At the beginning of the story he arrives in England saddled with—of all people—an Albanian widow. He falls head over ears in love with the wife of an old friend who has achieved fame with a single novel. The novelist dies, and Jaffery is made literary executor. And never did literary executor have a more difficult task.

A Most Lovable Book

But it would be unfair to explain why the task was so difficult. As always with the Jafferys of the world, things do not progress in the orderly fashion of, to take an instance, the highly civilised Hilary Freeth, who tells his friend's story. For a time they go very badly indeed. But the Albanian widow and a cheery scoundrel called Ras Fendihook and Mrs. Freeth and several others, including a mercantile skipper, all play their parts, as a result of which poor old Jaff. at last finds his difficulties set at rest. Mr. Locke is really a literary magician. He invents the most fantastic (but always lovable) people, and expects you to believe in their reality. And you do. You believe in every one of them. Moreover, his range of interests is enormous. He describes a scene at sea in the best manner of Jack London. He explains just how a cheery house in the country should be run when you have a delightful wife who makes delightful cocktails, and a surprising daughter of nine who is not allowed to drink them. And he gives you the impression that he could be the chief historian of Albania if he chose. *Jaffery*, indeed, is a triumphant success. With its "moods and fancies almost of a past incarnation," it will possibly be the best-liked of all Mr. Locke's books.

Photograph *Histed*

MR. WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Whose latest novel, "Jaffery" (reviewed on this page), reveals him as a veritable literary magician, and bids fair to be the best-liked of all his works

Two Books of the War

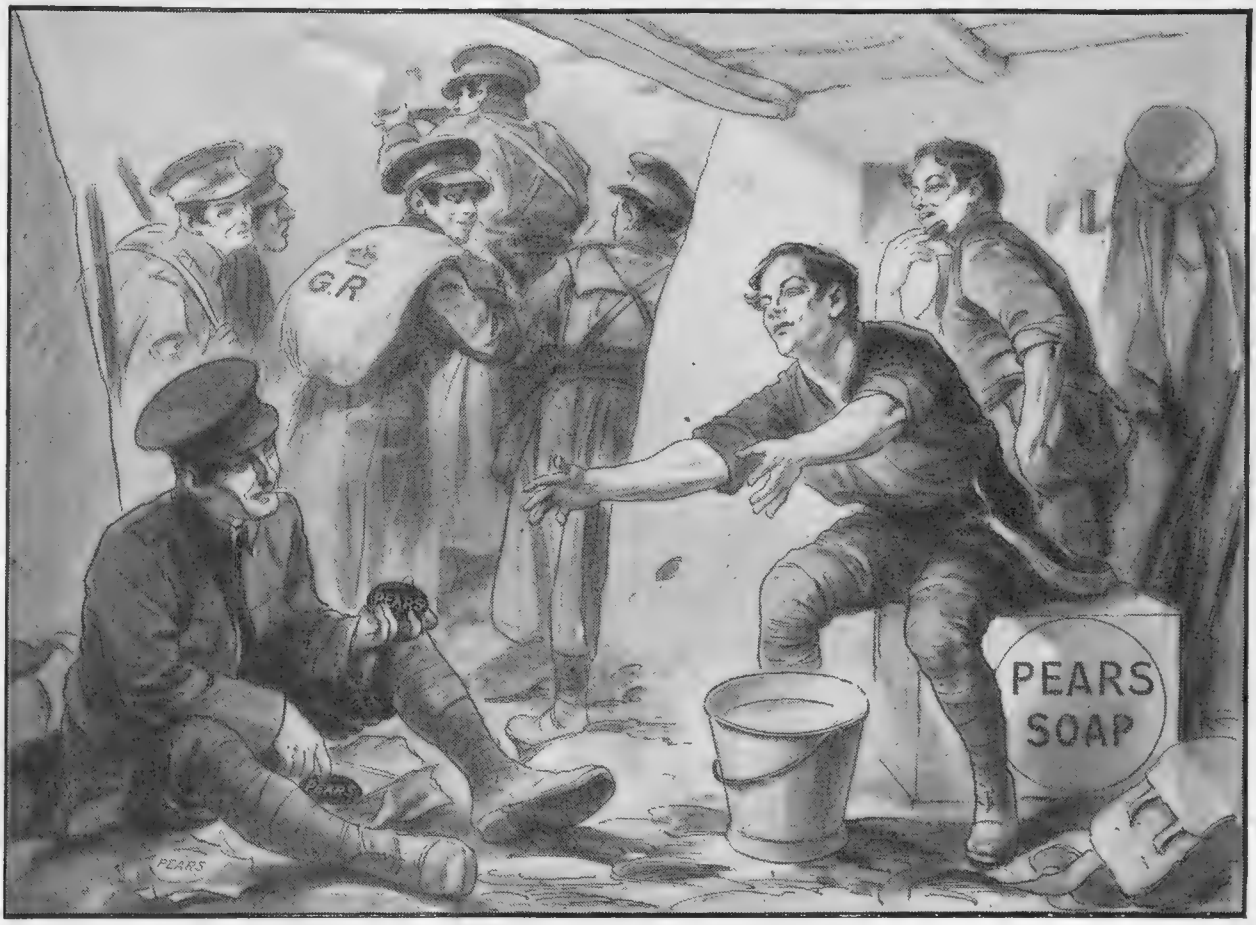
The War Pessimists and the War Optimists bear to each other much the same relation to-day as the Conservatives did to the Radicals in those fabulous times of long ago when we quarrelled about votes instead of shells. The new parties, of course, have their Press, and their scapegoats, and their pamphleteers — and even their own literature. In the books, however, the optimists are in a clear majority, and perhaps this is something to be thankful for.

Behind the Scenes

Mr. George Adam's *Behind the Scenes at the Front* (Chatto : 6*s*. net) makes agreeable reading. It is stimulating and satisfactory, and its optimism is of the well-balanced order. The author is the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, but, luckily, this has not prevented him from wielding a right cheerful pen. Fortunately, too, he is in a position to write with authority. As an authorised visitor to our own Headquarters he saw things of which it is good for us to know—things about which the newspapers have not had too much to say. The problems which confronted the French Command at the beginning of hostilities are dealt with very clearly and well, and if the final chapter on "Destruction" has a gloomy tale to tell, you can lay down the book with the feeling that Mr. Adam has made many points clear which before tended to seem rather chaotic. And, as I have hinted, he leaves you with the comfortable conviction that in spite of mistakes in the past and mistakes to be, we are going to do well in the months that are to come.

A Word to Shaw

Were it not in fairness to Mr. Harold Owen, the author of *Commonsense About the Shaw* (Allen and Unwin : 2*s*. 6*d*. net) it would be preferable not to mention Shaw's name again. But Mr. Owen has written a philippic which deserves to be read. Shaw, I suppose, is one of those people who, being fortunate enough to obtain an international public, and so an international banking-account, ceases to have a country of his own. And Mr. Owen, being a patriotic Britisher, very rightly sets out to give him "beans." It is satisfactory to record that his attempt is eminently successful. It happens, however, that a certain semi-private affair of recent days, in which Shaw and another author almost equally well-known were concerned, has come to my notice, and the Shaw, after being openly insulted, behaved so oddly, to say the least of it, that I am forced to the conclusion that not even Mr. Owen's book will do him much good. The book, however, has not been written for the Shaw, but for the public that once was his, and to them it should give a good deal of pleasure and not a little instruction. R. S.



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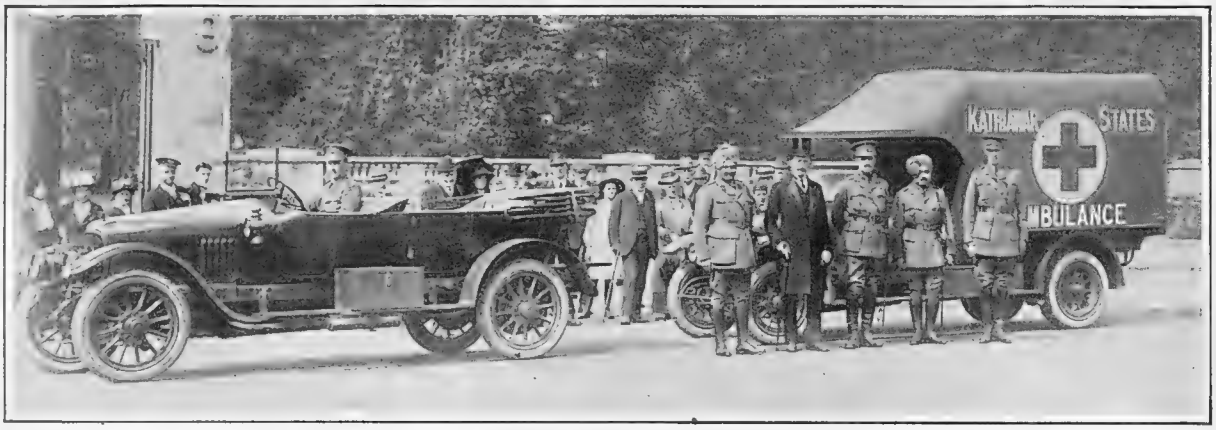

THE GIFT OF IND.

The head of a great fleet of motor ambulances drawn up outside Buckingham Palace. These vehicles are the gift of the Kathiawar States and the chiefs of Barwani, Bhar, Alirajpur, and Jhabua. The staff car on the left is one of the 25 h.p. Vauxhall's which have been doing so well somewhere in Flanders

Motoring—With Bomb and Gas Cylinder

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

10,000 Aeroplanes

THE latest scheme propounded by Mr. H. G. Wells for ending the war with efficiency and despatch has tickled the public fancy. The populace is blowed if it didn't think that what we ought to do was to organise a great fleet of aeroplanes to go and blow up Essen or any other seat of Germanic Culture; and it is blowed again because nobody promulgated the idea before. "10,000 aeroplanes"? says M. Bleriot; "yes, quite simple"; and as evidence of the faith that is in it, the Bleriot Manufacturing Aircraft Company, Ltd., comes out with an issue of "95,000 10 per cent. cumulative and participating ordinary shares of £1 each."

***

The Practical Possibility

There certainly is no doubt about the devastating possibilities of 10,000 aeroplanes launched against any town or position, provided they were properly equipped and duly arrived over the doomed area. There is no reason for supposing the aeroplanes could not be made and manned in a very short time. There is no reason why they could not arrive anywhere within the limits of their petrol tank. The idea is dreadfully alluring—squadron after squadron arriving, discharging its explosive freight, wheeling and flying home again. A number would be lost in the operations but we breed the sort of men who will take the risk. There are certainly hundreds, many of them with flying experience, who would give anything for the pilot's chance. Both air services are full of such. But most of them get no chance.

***

Discouraging Aviation

The N.C.O. and the rank and file appear to be barred the pilot's rank. Only a commissioned officer is eligible, and flying commissions in the air service are scarce. A man has no guarantee of the necessary commission even though he is keen enough to spend every penny he has to obtain a civil pilot's certificate—which, incidentally, costs him £70 or thereabouts. I know one such, a splendid mechanic, physically fit, keen as mustard on his chance. £70 represent his savings. The day he receives an official intimation that he will be appointed pilot directly he chooses to qualify at his own expense, will be the greatest day of his life. He will be at a flying school next morning with all his savings in his hand. Doubtless there are many like him.

***

Lacking Machines?

Why should it be necessary for a man to buy the chance of serving his country? Why cannot a non-commissioned officer become a pilot? Decently there can be no question of keeping the air service exclusive. The only conceivable answer to these questions is—lack of machines. Lack of machines can only be due to one of two causes—shortage of material (which has never been suggested in this connection) or shortage of official imagination. Yet that also seems impossible. Aeroplanes have demonstrated their amazing efficiency in this war as perhaps nothing else has. Nothing is left to the stodgiest official imagination. Then why is there a shortage? It is only on the hypothesis of shortage (plus probably a lack of co-ordination between the two divisions of the air service) that we can explain the unchallenged going and coming of bulky and vulnerable Zeppelins and the practical impossibility of securing a pilot's certificate.

"With the Utmost Violence"

Whatever the cause, here is, surely, a subject for serious consideration, instant reorganisation, urgent improvement Wherefore the decoratively effective pen of H. G. Wells is doubly welcome. Within its own range it augments my own little propaganda in favour of the greater utilisation of the aeroplane, particularly in connection with the use of asphyxiating gas. To Sir Hiram Maxim and others the gas proposition is simple. To Bleriot and others the great aeroplane proposition is simple. The men and the money are available. Directly the powers get busy we can suffocate an army and make a desolation of every arsenal within reach. It's a most horrible gospel to preach, and one I never dreamed would find expression at the point of my pencil stump. But, if we must win this war, it is no use fighting a machine-gun with a bow and arrow, nor persisting in what we call civilised methods while the enemy is obliterating us with uncivilised methods.

***

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The Motor Munitions Brigade

Arrol-Johnstons have dressed their men in khaki that the world may know they are doing their bit—as indeed they are quite finely. We have had the Dockers Battalion. The motor-men of the Munitions Brigade fall in on the marker at Dumfries.

C. A. V. Lamp Bulbs. British throughout. Strong—Efficient—Reliable. Best for all car lighting purposes. Motorists should write for the C. A. V. Lamp Bulb Catalogue.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

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HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 605.—Vol. XLVII. Wednesday, July 7, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

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HUNTING WITH SEVERAL PACKS.

"WAVERTREE," HORLEY, SURREY.

Half-a-mile from Horley Station, L.B. and S.C. Ry., one hour from Town.

CHOICE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, built by vendor few years ago for his own occupation regardless of cost, and occupying a quiet and pleasant position on outskirts of the town. Carriage drive. 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 2 staircases, spacious lounge hall, 3 reception rooms,

FINE BILLIARD ROOM,
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COMPANY'S GAS AND WATER. MAIN DRAINAGE.

Motor garage with pit. Beautiful pleasure grounds, kitchen garden and orchard, in all about 4¼ acres.

To be SOLD by AUCTION, at The Mart, E.C., JULY 27th (unless previously disposed of).

Solicitors, Messrs. BAYLEY, ADAMS, HAWKES and NOBLE, Bank Chambers, Tower Bridge Road, S.E.

Illustrated particulars of Auctioneers, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

IN A HIGH POSITION.

TO LOVERS OF MATURED GROUNDS.

FOR SALE, BY ORDER OF THE TRUSTEES.

KENT (under a mile from station, within 40 minutes from Town).—This attractive and well-built RESIDENCE, containing: hall, 3 excellent reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, capital offices.

MAIN DRAINAGE, GAS AND WATER.

Stabling. First-rate Cottage. Useful outbuildings.

The grounds are quite a feature, heavily timbered and well laid out in lawns, rose garden, kitchen garden, rockeries, herbaceous borders, orchard, range of glass, etc.—Full particulars of Messrs. WATERER and DICKENS, Bromley, Kent, or HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ONLY £100 PER ANNUM.

ONE OF THE CHEAPEST PROPERTIES IN THE MARKET.

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SURROUNDED BY A PARK,

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ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS.

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By order of Trustees of the late James Jenkins, Esq.
In beautiful district, close to Ascot and Windsor.

"BROCKHILL COTTAGE,"
WARFIELD, NEAR BRACKNELL.

Occupying a perfectly rural and secluded position.

COMFORTABLE OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE, approached by carriage drive. 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 staircases, 2 spacious reception rooms, square hall and ample offices. Stabling for 5, cottage and farmery.

LOVELY OLD PLEASURE GROUNDS
and grassland of nearly 7 ACRES.

Also an excellent building site of nearly 5 ACRES.

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TO BE LET OR SOLD this pretty RESIDENCE, situated on an eminence on gravel soil in nicely laid grounds of 9 acres: hall, 3 reception rooms, studio, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 4, garage; 2 cottages. The grounds are prettily laid out in lawns and flower gardens; there are also some meadows.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (8,211)

BERKSHIRE. NEWBURY 7 MILES.

TO BE SOLD AN ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD PROPERTY of about 18 ACRES, with a singularly well-equipped COUNTRY RESIDENCE, containing: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and excellent offices; fully fitted with electric lighting and heating; CHARMING PLEASURE GROUNDS, kitchen garden and glasshouses; up-to-date garage for 4 cars; tennis courts and bowling green; stabling for 3, with men's quarters. ABUNDANT WATER SUPPLY. HUNTING. FISHING. GOLF. Also block of 3 cottages and modern 4-roomed club-house.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,924)

ASHDOWN FOREST.
TO BE SOLD, OR LET, UNFURNISHED.

A STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE occupying a beautiful position in delightful old grounds and approached by a carriage drive. Accommodation: hall, 4 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.
HOT-WATER HEATING. MAIN DRAINAGE.
STABLING FOR 4. GARAGE. LODGE.
The pleasure grounds extend to 6 ACRES, and are a feature of the property; there are some magnificent old trees, terraced gardens, rock garden, running stream stocked with trout, boathouse, etc. ALMOST ADJOINING A GOLF COURSE. — Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,977)

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70 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

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½ HOUR FROM TOWN.
NEAR FAMOUS GOLF COURSE.

BUCKS (3 miles from a main line station G.W. Rly.)—To be SOLD, a delightful old-fashioned HOUSE, in absolutely faultless order throughout, and standing on gravel soil in finely-timbered grounds of 5 acres. Accommodation: fine lounge hall for billiard table, central hall, 3 reception rooms, boudoir, 10 bedrooms, 3 bath-dressing rooms, etc.; acetylene gas throughout; excellent stabling and garage, coachman's quarters, etc. The pleasure grounds are ornamented by beautiful specimen trees and shrubs, and include 2 excellent tennis courts, croquet lawn, shrubberies, kitchen garden, etc.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (5,199)

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FREEHOLD PROPERTY of 64 ACRES with a comfortable old fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 12 bed and 2 bathrooms; Company's water and modern sanitary arrangements; garage with pit; stabling; farmery and cottage; matured pleasure grounds; grass and asphalte tennis courts, park-lands, and well-watered pastures.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (5,676)

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Perfectly rural part between Hayward's Heath and Brighton. High position. South aspect.

FOR SALE WITH 40 ACRES.

GENUINE OLD BLACK-AND-WHITE HOUSE, with Horsham slab roof, ¼ mile back from the road with lovely views: panelled hall (23ft. by 16ft.), 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, servant's hall.

SUPERB OLD OAK BEAMS.

Stabling for 4, garage; lodge; beautiful old gardens with ornamental water.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

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CLOSE TO LEITH HILL, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PARTS OF THE COUNTY.

A PERFECT SMALL SIXTEENTH CENTURY HOUSE, containing beautiful old oak panelling and beams; lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 7 or more bedrooms, bathroom; electric light; garage, stabling for 3; farmery; cottage; delightful old gardens and grassland of about 31 acres. For SALE, or might be LET, Unfurnished.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., W.

SOMERSET.—In a glorious position on the Blackdown Hills, 700ft. above sea level, and about 7 miles from Taunton.

FIRST-RATE TROUT FISHING.

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Gravel soil, South aspect.

FOR SALE, a singularly attractive Estate, including

£3,150, FREEHOLD.
125 ACRES.

A SMALL JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE,

containing: large hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 3; garage; charming gardens, with tennis and croquet lawns.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

£5,000 WITH 400 ACRES, OR £3,500 WITH 106 ACRES.

CHOICE ELIZABETHAN FARMHOUSE, capable, at little expense, of being made a really charming Home.

A MILE OF SPLENDID TROUT FISHING

is included, and for the area of the Estate extraordinarily good shooting is afforded. The district in which the Estate lies is a very favourite one just over *2 hours rail West of London.* The covers extend to about 90 acres, and *the timber which is included in the purchase price is worth over £1,000.* Splendid water supply. *Good hunting, also polo and golf.* The house contains 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 good reception rooms, etc. *All land not required could easily be let off.*—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

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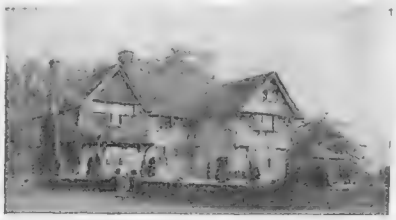
Perfectly rural spot, about an hour from London.



FOR SALE AT A MODERATE PRICE,

A BEAUTIFUL REPLICA OF A TUDOR HOUSE,

built entirely of old materials about seven years ago in a picked position, 400ft. above sea level, facing South, with magnificent views; long carriage drive with lodge: fine hall and reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, ample offices.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS AND PARKLANDS OF 66 ACRES.

Inspected and recommended. — Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

SUSSEX AND SURREY BORDERS.

1 hour from Town. High position. Glorious views.

PRICE £8,000, FREEHOLD.

200 ACRE ESTATE, INCLUDING A TYPICAL OLD SUSSEX HOUSE,

standing ¼-mile back from road on a southern slope: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, oak-panelled billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, complete domestic offices, music room converted from a fine old barn: delightful well-timbered gardens; stabling, garage, ample buildings, 7 cottages. The land is partly bounded by a river affording good fishing and boating.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W. Personally inspected and highly recommended.

LONDON HOUSES.

PRACTICALLY ADJOINING THE PARK. MAYFAIR.

A BEAUTIFULLY-APPOINTED AND WONDERFULLY WELL-PLANNED HOUSE, in a quiet and much coveted position, to be LET.

Unfurnished, for 3, 6, 9, or 12 years (at tenant's choice)
at the low commencing Rent of
£550 per annum.

The House is splendidly fitted-up throughout with every up-to-date contrivance for convenience and comfort, including passenger lift, service lift, fine principal staircase, and a secondary staircase, panelled walls, hot-water radiators, etc.

10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 very charming reception rooms, large lounge hall and cloakroom, exceptionally good offices.

A new Lease will be granted to a tenant at the above-named rental, or, as an alternative, the Direct Lease of 70 years, held at a ground rent of £120 per ann., will be Sold at £8,500.

Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

QUITE AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.
LEASE 70 YEARS. LOW PRICE.

UNIQUE TOWN RESIDENCE for SALE, in a favourite position on the Howard de Walden Estate. It is undoubtedly

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HOUSE

of its size in the whole of London, exquisitely designed and appointed, with superb French and Italian decorations.

Fine marble staircase, electric passenger lift, choice fireplaces and doors, oak floors, panelled walls, and many other attractive features.

Built about 7 years ago regardless of cost, the House has since, from time to time, been the subject of further heavy expenditure on improvements, and will now be Sold at

HALF ITS ORIGINAL COST.

The House possesses a handsome and wide stone front, with elegant bay windows, and the accommodation comprises: 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bedrooms for menservants, 3 well-fitted bathrooms, splendid entrance hall and landings, 2 staircases, morning room, library, boudoir.

WONDERFUL DINING AND DRAWING ROOMS,

the latter of which rooms alone cost as much as £2,500 to decorate. There are remarkably complete domestic offices and a modern garage, which will accommodate 5 or 6 cars, with good living accommodation over.

Carefully inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

AN UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE HOUSE IN MAYFAIR.

A CHARMING OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE, situate in a very favourite position, facing South,

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED.

Rent, £360 per annum.
Premium, £500.

The House, although still retaining its charming "old-world" attractiveness, and its fine old panelling, fireplaces, mantelpieces, etc., has been skilfully restored and brought thoroughly up to date.

The accommodation comprises: 7 bedrooms, remarkably well-fitted bathroom, 4 wonderfully choice reception rooms, delightful square hall and staircase, and capital domestic offices.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

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FOLKESTONE (situate in the centre of this fashionable seaside town, 1 minute's walk of the Leas).

EXCEPTIONALLY WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE TO BE SOLD,

containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, 4 reception, bathroom; garage for 3 cars; billiard room over. Charming garden.

EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE,

including electric light, radiator heating. Price and further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above, who have personally inspected and can strongly recommend the property in every way.

SOUTH DOWNS (a few miles from Brighton).—To be LET on Lease, charming old RESIDENCE, in a lovely position on high ground.

COMMANDING GLORIOUS VIEWS.

Approached by carriage drive, with lodge at entrance, and surrounded by

MAGNIFICENTLY TIMBERED GROUNDS OF ABOUT 22 ACRES.

Large lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; motor garage for 4 cars, stabling for 6 and rooms over; electric light and gas; central heating. Rent only £215 per annum. No premium. Over £2,000 recently spent on property.—Inspected and very strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

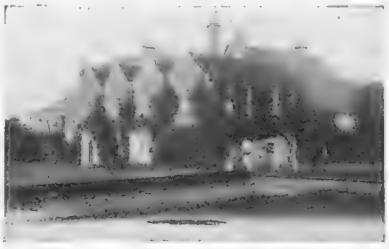
NEAR COMMON AND GOLF COURSE.

SURREY.—Approached by long drive, the HOUSE, delightfully designed and exceptionally well fitted, contains: entrance and inner halls, 3 reception rooms, bathroom, capital offices; up-to-date appointments throughout. The gardens extend to about

1½ ACRES,

and a further area can be secured. For SALE at low price.—Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (X 17,094)

SECLUDED POSITION, A SHORT RUN FROM TOWN.



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2 OR 7,000 ACRES SHOOTING.

TROUT FISHING

THIS NOBLE MANSION, surrounded by extensive parklands, to be LET, Furnished: magnificent suite reception rooms, some 30 bedrooms, bathrooms, and full domestic offices. Approached by 3 carriage drives. Lodges, stabling, and garage; 3 or 9 miles of excellent trout fishing.—Strongly recommended by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 9,700)

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ON THE COTSWOLD HILLS. CLOSE TO THE FAMOUS MINCHINHAMPTON GOLF LINKS.

STONE-BUILT TUDOR RESIDENCE, with oak-panelled walls: large lounge hall, 3 reception, 2 bath, 10 bedrooms; stone-mullioned windows; gas, main water; main drainage; beautifully matured and heavily-timbered grounds and paddocks of 6 ACRES; 3 cottages.

Price, Freehold, £2,250.

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COMPANY'S WATER. MAIN DRAINAGE. ELECTRIC LIGHT. TELEPHONE.

CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, full of old oak: good hall, 3 reception, bath, 6 bedrooms; stabling, garage; farmery; beautiful grounds and paddocks of 12½ ACRES. Perfect order. Bargain, £2,200, Freehold.

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Cost £12,000. £14,000 recently offered and refused. Price for quick Sale, £3,000.

DORSET (2 miles inland from Weymouth, 'midst romantic scenery)—Lounge hall, 3 handsome reception, billiard, bath, 12 bedrooms; winter garden; beautiful grounds; 2 entrance lodges, stabling, garage; farmery; gas, main water. In all 11 ACRES.

Cost £10,000. Price asked £3,500.

DEVON (near Exeter).—Imposing stone-built RESIDENCE: lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard, bath, 11 bedrooms; stabling, garage; farmery, cottage; beautiful grounds and parklands of 30 ACRES.

Price reduced from £3,500 to £1,800.

HANTS (near Alton).—A picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE: 4 reception, bath, 11 bedrooms; stabling, garage; charming old-world gardens and paddock of 4 acres, bounded by a trout river.

Reduced from £4,500 to £3,000. (£2,000 can remain on mortgage).

KENILWORTH (near).—Picturesque RESIDENCE: 3 reception, bath, 6 bedrooms; exquisite pleasure grounds, with swimming bath; cottage, stabling, garage, farmery; also a superior secondary Residence let at £25 per annum, and 33 ACRES of grassland

Cost £15,000. Price asked £6,000.

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THE BARGAIN OF THE YEAR.

CANTERBURY AND FOLKESTONE (between; 'midst lovely country).—A charming COUNTRY HOME: 3 reception, bath, 8 bedrooms, long carriage drive; stabling, garage; charming pleasure grounds, heated conservatory, bungalow cottage, and

14 ACRES OF PARKLANDS.

Healthy situation, 600ft. high, lovely views. In perfect order. £1,500 spent on improvements the last eighteen months. Price for quick sale £2,000 Freehold.

QUAINT OLD JACOBEAN RESIDENCE. OAK BEAMS, CHIMNEY CORNERS, AND OTHER DISTINCTIVE FEATURES.

COLCHESTER ('midst charming rural country, in a good social and sporting district).—3 good reception, billiard, bath, 6 bedrooms; charming pleasure grounds with lawns and flower beds; stabling, garage; farmery and

27 ACRES OF PASTURELAND.

Bargain £2,100 Freehold, or would be let Furnished.

Bargains Extraordinary at

HARVEY NICHOLS

SALE now proceeding

Some examples:—

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Beaded Operas to be cleared at **79/6, 5 gns. & 6½ gns.**
Usual Prices 10½ gns., 15 gns., and 20 gns.

FURS Smart one-skin Real Skunk Necklets, worth 35/-. **Sale Price 23/6**
Muff to match. **Sale Price 89/6**

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Ladies' Sheer Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, ¼" hem. Usually 9/9 per doz. **Sale Price 6/6 per doz.**

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Silk Coats and Skirts to be cleared irrespective of cost. Made from very good quality taffeta, moire, and various other silks. In a variety of shades of navy, mole, grey, heliotrope, and saxe. Usual Prices 7½, 9½, and 12½ gns. **Clearing Price 39/6**

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Good quality Black Lisle Hose, with Clox. **Sale Price, 2 pairs for 2/11**

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Black Ostrich Ruffles. Usual Price, 29/6. **Sale Price 19/6**

MUSLIN COLLARS

Excellent value in White Muslin Collars, 3 shapes. **9d. each, or 3 for 1/11½**

CRETONNES A well-covered Design of Small Roses and Carnations, in several Colourings. Usual Price 1/1½ **Sale Price 6¾d.**

The Trailing Rose, on Stormond Ground, two Colourings. Usual Price 1/1½ **Sale Price 6¾d.**

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WALPOLE BROS. LTD

89 & 90 NEW BOND ST. W.

(Two Doors from Oxford Street.)

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An Inexpensive Blouse.

No. 456. Useful Blouse in good quality White Japanese Silk, Frill at Neck and Wrist, daintily finished with hemstitching.

Sale Price, 12/9.

In White Irish Linen, **11/6.**

Sale Catalogue on Request.

Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross

NURSERY games emphasise the need for special foot-coverings. No use here for fine shoes, yet, if too heavy, the little ones soon grow foot-weary. Noise, too, must be considered. . . In Phat-Pheet we have the perfect nursery shoe—No. 732. This model has all the strength of a walking shoe—without the weight. The soles are flexible, and, for hygienic reasons, the linings are of undyed material.

No. 732

PHAT PHEET

Sizes and prices (including postage):

4-5	5½-7	7½-10	10½-12	12½-1	1½-2	2½-3
5/9	6/3	6/9	7/3	8/-	9/-	10/-

Write for a sample shoe

A sample of any "Phat-Pheet" model will be sent on two days' loan for examination and fitting on receipt of 4d. for postage and packing.

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DOUBLE FOLDER for 2 Persons. Very Comfortable. Readily Portable. Price, 35/-. Footboard, 4/- extra.

Battleship Teakwood..

can be left outdoors in all weathers. Rain does it good.

Hughes, Bolckow craftsmen combine distinctive design and perfect workmanship with this enduring timber.

The DOUBLE FOLDER and "PENELOPE" chair illustrated are the most comfortable types of Garden Furniture, and represent decidedly good value.

"PENELOPE" Folding Chairs
With Arms 25/-
Without ,, ... 20/-
Footboards, extra 2/-

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DISINFECTING FLUID

BEST WASH FOR WOUNDS & SORES.
BEST MOUTH WASH & ANTISEPTIC GARGLE.
BEST AIR PURIFIER.
DESTROYS ALL DISEASE GERMS.

CLEAN
FRAGRANT
NON-POISONOUS
Does not stain Linen

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5/- per Gallon
PACKAGES EXTRA

THE SANITAS Co LTD LONDON, E.

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Complete Equipment of Nurses for Home Detachments and the

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All Surgical Implements and Appliances in Stock.

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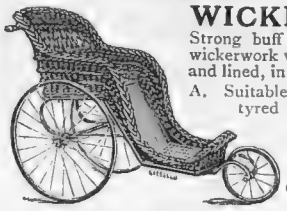

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A. Suitable for a youth, 15in. seat, ⅝in rubber-tyred wheels, 25in. and 12in. diameter **£2 19 6**

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By Royal Appointment to H.M the King of Spain.

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THE making of Officers' uniforms for active service is an art entirely distinct from mufti tailoring, and unless each garment is cut and fitted by experienced military cutters, it is impossible to obtain the correct military style. It is imperative therefore to impress upon Officers who have not seen active service the necessity of ordering their Kit only from recognised military establishments. Second-grade materials and workmanship are useless, and will not stand even for a few weeks the excessive strain of work at the Front. To economise over Service Kit is not only a false but a suicidal policy.

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to the maximum of Safety in motoring

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If your tyres do not show this tread formation you are getting less than the possible amount of motoring protection.

GOODRICH SAFETY TREAD TYRES

THE B.F. GOODRICH CO., LTD., 117-123, Golden Lane, London, E.C.

Goodrich Band Tyres pay a big dividend to all users of Motor Traction.

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12-H.P. ROVER CAR

THE ROVER COMPANY, LTD.,
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Dividends.

War has not only to be waged but paid for. This man's capital is employing British Labour. He has made a direct contribution to the State of one and eightpence in the pound out of the interest on his money. The remainder re-invested in British industries, or circulated in payment for British goods, again contributes indirectly to the cost of the war.

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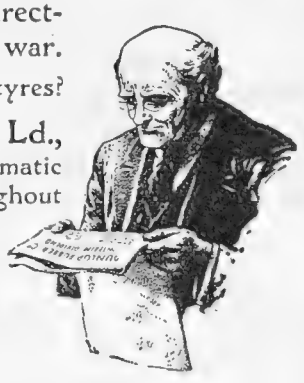

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The Safe and Sure Treatment

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The wonderful Ganesh Treatments and Preparations are genuine aids to natural beauty.
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Your Friends at the Front

will appreciate the gift of a few bottles of Lea & Perrins' Sauce to use with their War Rations. It makes Bully Beef appetizing, and when mixed with jam is an excellent substitute for chutnee. Messrs. Lea & Perrins will send

One Dozen Special Bottles (*Half ordinary size*)

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

securely packed direct to any member of the Expeditionary Force on the Western Front, Carriage Paid, for 5s.

The case will be forwarded immediately on receipt of postal order with full name and regimental address of intending recipient.

Carriage paid direct to the Western Front for

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The Night's Sweetest Perfume

—that exquisite fragrance which reigns supreme in the dim silence of the English garden, when summer's here—is given to you, in all its natural beauty, by

Zenobia Night-Scented Stock.

This Perfume was originated by Zenobia, Ltd.; so also was

Zenobia Sweet Pea Blossom.

Each of these is sold at **2/9, 3/11, 5/6,** & **11/6.**

Zenobia Lily of the Valley.

This also is a great favourite among all who love delicate perfumes.

Price **2/3, 3/11, 6/9,** and **11/6.**

ZENOBIA

TRUE FLOWER PERFUMES

Bijou Sample — containing Perfume, Soap and Sachet of any of the above odours—for 3d. in stamps.

Zenobia Eau de Cologne

is admitted to be unequalled.

Prices **1/3, 2/6,** and **5/-** per bottle.

ZENOBIA, LTD. (Dept. 29), Loughboro', Leicestershire.

Superior in Results Moderate in Cost.

The aid of Skilled Cleaners and Dyers is always advantageous—in times like the present it becomes a *necessity.* Although the "Achille Serre Way" of Cleaning and Dyeing is *worth* more than ordinary methods, it does not *cost* more.

It is worth more because it includes attention to little details which are usually ignored. All stains and spots are removed by skilled workers *after* the dry cleaning process has been completed. Special methods and appliances are employed in "pressing" and "refinishing" so that the articles treated really look like new. List of Prices, Branches and Agents will be sent free on receipt of your address.

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SESSEL PEARLS

Are the Finest Reproductions existing.

Every detail of the Genuine is shown in a SESSEL COLLAR.

The faint small imperfections and irregularities so common to the costly and real ones are perfectly reproduced. They have also the requisite weight, solidity, lustre and texture.

Beautiful Collar of SESSEL PEARLS shown in illustration, being an exact copy of Genuine Pearl Collar costing £350, on plain Gold Clasp,

£4 4 0

The Clasp, illustrated, with Sessel Ruby and Two Real Diamonds costs

£3 3 0

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Old Jewels taken in exchange or purchased for cash.

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Hinde's

Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/ 2/6 & 4/6.

Fashions & Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

A Plethora of Sales

WE are, to use a now familiar war word, in a very labyrinth of sales. The wealth of choice is just a trifle bewildering, and also the widely varying prices apparently attached to the same class of garment are more than a little perplexing. A personal inspection, however, will readily reveal the real cause of the difference in price, which is difference in quality.

Fur Values

This holds particularly true of furs, a bargain purchase that requires to be approached with the utmost caution. At Dickins and Jones', Regent Street, where a two weeks' genuine clearance sale is in progress, there are bargains galore, the lowest possible reductions being made to effect a complete clearance of the surplus season's stock, with nothing taken away or added to.

In the costumes a few striped flannel coats and skirts in navy, grey, and cream are going at the bagatelle sum of 52*s.* 6*d.*, and a particularly attractive suit of natural Shantung arranged with full skirt and a new and most original banded coat is not to be lightly passed over at 98*s.* 6*d.* Paris models, in good condition, are reduced half price, a range of evening gowns originally valued at anything from 6 to 12 guineas being all lowered to the one price of 63*s.* An essentially summer temptation is provided in a selection of unmade white muslin robes, all 15*s.* 6*d.*, while 30*s.* will secure a charming season's model fashioned of check cotton *voile*. The full skirt of this is rendered distinctive by three deep *religieuse plis*, the fronts of the simple little bodice with long flat shoulders, opening on a *lingerie* vest, completed by a picturesque collar.

ORIGINAL SUGGESTION FOR A SILK SUIT

This, in nigger-brown taffeta, would make an ideal holiday dress for afternoon wear, and comes well within the category of the dressmaker's tailor-made, the bolero being little other than an easy-fitting blouse. It would be charmingly completed by one of the small toques of "moiré" ribbon in tone, a deftly disposed veil adding an effective touch, held by two of the favourite torpedo-shaped hat pins

Positively unprecedented reductions occur in the blouse department, while in the millinery, which is always supreme in taste and novelty, all models are drastically reduced, many extra special bargains reposing in the recently opened new *salon* for semi-trimmed millinery. As this clearance terminates on the 17th, there should not be a moment's delay in paying a personal visit, which will well repay the longest journey.

"Tokalon"

What is "Tokalon"? Well, I will tell you. "Tokalon" is a name given to certain preparations for the skin that have made for themselves in Paris, where both taste and knowledge are vast in such matters, a covetable reputation. Primarily there is "Crème Tokalon," renowned for its nourishing properties, and its tissue-forming qualities. It is, moreover, that pleasantest of creams, a vanishing one, being worked up into a very light consistency, so that the very slightest and lightest finger massage induces it to disappear completely, the skin entirely absorbing the emolient, which leaves no trace at all behind. The "Crème Tokalon" most generally in use is absolutely free of grease. But there is another special quality, occasionally required for unduly dry skins, which is duly designated "greasy." So there can never be any mistake. There is likewise *poudre* Tokalon, a perfectly pure fine production, a chief and important feature of which is the range of tints in which it is supplied. The proprietors of "Tokalon" are among the first to recognise the delicate gradations of skin colour. The ordinary white, pink, or "Rachal" does not, by any manner of means, cover the case, as will be realised at once when the range of shades supplied by the Maison Tokalon is studied. A free sample of these tints is

obtainable on receipt of a 1*d.* stamp, sent to the London depôt, 212-214, Great Portland Street; while a further feature of both the *crème* and *poudre* is the very accessible price, the former costing 1*s.* 3*d.* and 2*s.* the jar, and the powder 1*s.* 9*d.* and 2*s.* 11*d.* the box.

An Opportunity for Thrifty Housewives

A summer stocktaking sale that never fails to appeal to those of fastidious taste, is that annually held by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. Table damask, fancy linen, and lace goods form a particularly alluring feature, these beautiful and exclusive productions selling at 25 per cent. under the usual prices, other notable bargains occurring in real hand-made *filet* lace table centres, sofa backs, sideboard cloths, and d'oyleys, which are to be disposed of at quite exceptional reductions.

A typical bargain will be found in a Swiss embroidered linen table cloth for a round table measuring 72 inches in diameter, reduced from 58*s.* to 34*s.*, a fine quality Irish linen double damask tablecloth, 2 by 2 yards, dropping from 15*s.* 9*d.* to 11*s.* 9*d.*, and Irish linen double damask table napkins from 24*s.* to 18*s.* the dozen.

The household linens include many remarkable offers in cotton sheets, a spoke-hem style, 2 by 3½ yards, usually costing 19*s.* 6*d.* the pair, now going for 14*s.* 9*d.*, another range with more elaborate fancy stitch hems being reduced from 22*s.* 6*d.* to 16*s.* 9*d.* the pair, pillow-cases to match coming out at a like ratio. Pure Irish linen hemstitched sheets, single bed size, range from 19*s.* 6*d.* instead of the usual 25*s.* 6*d.* the pair, and Barnsley linen sheets, much recommended for hard wear, can be had for 21*s.* in place of the ordinary 25*s.* the pair, and special value will be found in Scotch huckaback and Turkish towels. The sale lasts throughout the month, during which time the entire standard surplus stock is to be cleared off.

Photograph *Arbuthnot*

MRS. N. J. WILLIAMS

Formerly Miss Claribel Mary Billing, a sister of the well-known aeronaut of that name, whose marriage to Major N. J. Williams, A.S.C., now on active service in the Dardanelles, took place recently

Exclusive French Models at Popular Prices

From time immemorial Harvey Nichols' sales have stood easily in the first ranks for value and excellence. And this season they have been prominent among those who have maintained the usual standard of choice, their two representative displays of models being still fresh in the minds of most of us fortunate enough to be present. Well, these remarkable model gowns have now been thrown into the sale maelstrom, marked down to far below cost price, and there is not one that is not desirable. A coat and skirt, a "Bernard" creation, of Nattier blue-faced cloth, replete with the latest *ligne*, will be £10 in lieu of 750 francs; a most covetable "Worth" costume of blue Gendarme cloth, originally 600 francs, has been reduced to 9½ guineas. And in addition Harvey Nichols have a host of smart little ready-to-wear suits to clear at incredibly low prices.

Extra special reductions again occur in cloaks and wraps of every description, many going at less than a quarter the original prices. Thus the "Dover," a most distinctive half-length coat, very full and with wide cape-like sleeves, built of fine-faced cloth with high collar of velvet, has dropped to a guinea from 4½ guineas; while there are a number of slightly soiled restaurant and opera coats, originally 8½ and 12½ guineas, relegated to the low estate of from 29*s.* 6*d.* to 49*s.* 6*d.* Millinery at Knightsbridge provides another serious temptation, children's hats in particular going at half price. A significant finger is likewise pointed to the opportunity for acquiring reliable silks at very low prices, literally thousands of blouse lengths being marked down one-third less than the usual prices; while every Thursday during July all remnants will be cleared at half their marked prices.

Toilet Economy

Now that toilet economy is being, very properly, practised, it is interesting to hear that although Courvoisier's Ess Viotto, their delightful preparation for the hands, has achieved such popularity that the stock of the pretty-shaped bottle with its patent stopper has run short, Messrs. H. Bronnley and Co., Ltd., of Acton, London, W., will exchange four empty bottles with complete stoppers for an ordinary bottle of Ess Viotto—a quite generous offer. Ladies can practise toilet economy by collecting used Ess Viotto bottles, saving others as they become empty, and sending them to Messrs. H. Bronnley in lots of four, three, or one dozen to be exchanged, but the complete stopper must not be forgotten. The exchange is made through the chemist, the sender receiving an order for a bottle from stock, for which Messrs. Bronnley pay the chemist. This offer holds good up to December 31, 1915. Ess Viotto is sold at 1*s.* 3*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 5*s.* per bottle

A Household Word

In these days of strenuous competition there is much to be said for a commodity which has survived the test of time. For nearly a century the Medical Profession have recommended Dinneford's Magnesia as the best and safest remedy for acidity, heartburn, indigestion, and similar ailments. It can be administered without fear to quite young children and people of delicate constitution, and is, in fact, the most suitable remedy of its kind for regular use by persons of all ages. Nor is it merely a medicine, for mixed with spring water it makes a delightful cooling drink in hot seasons and climates. Purchasers should insist on seeing the name "Dinneford's" on every bottle they buy, for only by so doing can they be sure of obtaining the "real thing."

Soap for the Soldiers

The need for soap at the front is constantly being emphasised. In a letter to the Press a lady writes:—"May I appeal to your readers to help send towels and soap to our soldiers? Any good kind, including carbolic and Coal Tar, will be welcome. These are badly needed, not only by the hospitals, but also by the troops." When sending a present to your soldier friend, therefore, don't forget to include a box of Wright's Coal Tar Soap in the parcel. You can get one containing three tablets for 1*s.*

IMPORTANT PRIVATE SALE,

ENTIRELY WITHOUT RESERVE.

High-class, Second-hand and Antique

FURNITURE

CARPETS, PLATE, LINEN, PICTURES, PIANOS.

To the Value of over £500,000.

Re The HON. WILLIAM LOWTHER (Deceased),
Lady HERBERT of LEA (Deceased),
Col. The Hon. C. E. EDWARDS, and
Lady BLANCHE EDWARDS (Deceased),
Together with the REMAINDER of the FURNITURE and EFFECTS removed from the LONDON MASONIC CLUB, of St. James's St., S.W.

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

Any article may be had separately, and, if desired, can remain stored free, and payment made when delivery required, or will be packed free and delivered or shipped to any part of the world.

122 COMPLETE BEDROOMS,

Including several fine Old English gentlemen's wardrobes, fitted sliding trays and drawers, from **£3 15s.**; several fine bow-front and other chests of drawers from **37s. 6d.**; old Queen Anne and other tallboy chests, from **6gs.**; well-made solid oak bedroom suites, complete, **£3 17s. 6d.**; solid oak bedsteads to match, complete, **16s. 6d.**; handsome china toilet services, from **3s. 6d.**; large bedroom and other carpets, from **7s. 6d.**; well-made solid walnut bedroom suites, complete, at **5gs.**; massive black and brass-mounted bedsteads, full-size, complete with spring mattresses, at **25s.**; very handsome design white enamel bedroom suites, at **£5 17s. 6d.**; four well-made large solid oak bedroom suites, at **£6 15s.**; four very artistic Sheraton-design inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, at **£7 15s.**; three artistic large bedroom suites, at **£9 17s. 6d.**; six very choice inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, **13gs.**; elaborate all-brass Sheraton-style bedsteads, with superior spring mattresses, complete, **45s.**; choice Chippendale-design bedroom suites, **12gs.**; Chippendale-design bedsteads to match; Queen Anne-design solid mahogany bedroom suites, **£14 14s.**; all-brass square tube full-size bedsteads, with superior spring mattress, at **£3 17s. 6d.**; other bedroom suites in real silver ash and very choicely painted satinwood; also French bedroom suites in gilt and cream lacquer, up to **175gs.**

DINING AND BILLIARD ROOMS.

Fine tone upright piano, **£7 15s.**; a magnificent instrument by George Brinsmead, **14gs.**; and an exceptionally fine small grand piano, **£25**, equal to new. Several sets of complete old English table glass, from **£4 15s.**; four oak American roll-top desks, at **£3 17s. 6d.** Several fine quality real Indian and Turkey carpets, all sizes, from **£4 17s. 6d.**; real Turkey rugs at **17s. 6d.**; elegant Queen Anne-design sideboard, fitted drawers, cupboards, etc., **£7 15s.**; set of eight Queen Anne-design dining-room chairs, comprising two large carving chairs and six smaller ditto, **£8 15s.**; oval extending Queen Anne-design dining-table, **£4 10s.**; Queen Anne-design mantel-mirror to match, **42s**; eighteen luxurious Chesterfield settees, **£2 15s.**; luxurious lounge easy chairs to match, at **£1 10s.**; magnificently carved grandfather clocks; finely made mahogany inlaid sideboard of Sheraton design with rail back, **£6 15s.**; mahogany inlaid overmantel, **30s.**; extending dining-table of Sheraton design, **£3 17s. 6d.**; twelve very fine small chairs, Sheraton-design mahogany inlaid, at **18s. 6d.**; two armchairs to match, at **30s.**; also a quantity of very finely carved brown oak furniture, equally low prices.

Magnificent Full-size BILLIARD TABLE by Stevenson, **£45**; smaller size Billiard Dining Table by Burgess, **15gs.**

DRAWING-ROOMS.

The very elegant Drawing-room Furniture in styles of Louis XIV. and Louis Seize comprising carved and gilt settees, cabinets, tables, mirrors, etc., white enamelled and richly carved furniture, also painted satinwood, and marqueterie inlaid. The following will suffice to give an idea of the absurdly low prices to be accepted:

Elaborately carved and gilt Louis Seize design Suite of seven pieces, including settee, **12gs.** complete; the satinwood decorated china cabinet, 4ft. 6in. wide, **£14 14s.**; satinwood decorated centre table, **£2 10s.**; satinwood decorated overmantel, **£3 10s.**; costly satinwood decorated suite, covered with choice brocade Gobelin blue silk, **£16 16s.**

Also BED and TABLE LINEN, carpets of all makes and sizes, quite unsoiled.

SILVER and SHEFFIELD PLATE, etc., etc.

A Magnificent 20 H.P. MINERVA MOTOR CAR, with saloon Limousine Body, as new.

Also a CLEMENT TALBOT TOURING CAR, nearly new.

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The following Number 'Buses pass Park Street, Islington: Nos. 4, 19, 43, 43A, and 30. Cab fares refunded to all purchasers. 'Phone: 3472 North.

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Grand Prix, Diploma of Honour and Gold Medals, Paris Exhibition, 1912.

By Royal Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

Grand Prix Gold Medals. International Exhibition, Rome, 1912

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L. LEWIS, Manager.

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Shoes for Ladies

Good Quality.

NOW, more than ever, is the time to purchase shoes of good quality, which give complete satisfaction in wear. Norvic Shoes are durable as well as dainty, and at prices which ensure the finest material and workmanship. At 15/6, 16/6, and 17/6 per pair, there are styles to suit everyone. It is delightful to wear Norvic.

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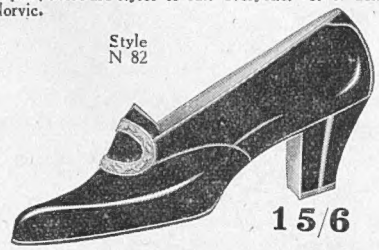

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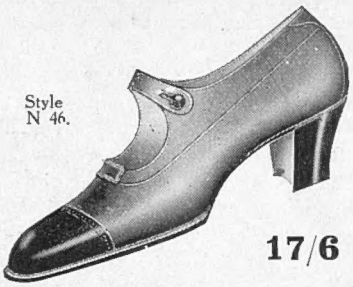

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NORVIC SHOE CO.,
(Howlett & White, Ltd.),
NORWICH.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

When he writes to you and you write to him THE pen to use is WATERMAN'S IDEAL.

Choose the "SAFETY" type. It cannot leak.

Avoid Specious Imitations.

10s. 6d. and upwards for Regular type.

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Of Stationers & Jewellers. Booklet free from:

L. G. SLOAN, The Pen Corner,
KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.

The Menu: Some Dainty Vegetarian Dishes

Peas Stewed with Lettuces
Tomato Fritters
Haricot Bean Mayonnaise
Corn Rissoles
Curried Cabbage. Curry Sauce
Eggs and Spaghetti

Peas Stewed with a Lettuce

Shell half a peck of young green peas and put them into a bowl of cold water and 1 oz. of butter. Work them well with the fingers to make the peas stick together, and then drain them in a colander. Put them then in a stewpan with the heart of a cabbage lettuce finely shred, an onion cut into thin slices, and a bunch of parsley; cover the saucepan closely, and let the peas cook till they are tender; shake the saucepan now and again to prevent the peas sticking. When they are done, take out the onion, put in 1 oz. of butter mixed smoothly with half a dessertspoonful of flour and a dessertspoonful of cream. Simmer gently for four minutes, and serve as hot as possible with fried sippets round and slices of broiled ham on the top.

Tomato Fritters

Bake some tomatoes in a little butter, add some grated cheese and a very little finely chopped shallot. Add as much milk and the white of one egg as will make the preparation of the consistency of batter; drop this batter into a frying-pan of boiling fat, and when the fritters rise take them out and dust them over with grated cheese before sending them to table.

Haricot Bean Mayonnaise

Soak ½ lb. of haricot beans in water overnight, the next day cook till tender (rather more than two hours), and drain thoroughly. When cold put into a salad-bowl, and mix with them some mustard and cress, thin slices of cucumber, and hard-boiled egg. Pour over a thick mayonnaise sauce, and garnish with sieved yolk of egg.

Corn Rissoles

Turn out a tin of cooked corn, and beat into it 3 oz. of finely grated cheese, and leave until set. Form into rissoles, egg, and breadcrumb, and fry in boiling fat. Serve very hot, garnished with fried parsley.

Curried Cabbage: Curry Sauce

Remove all the outer leaves from a young cabbage, and boil it until it is half cooked. Drain it, and chop it finely, place it in a pan with some curry sauce, and simmer it gently for one hour. Serve in a border of boiled rice.

CURRY SAUCE.—Chop an onion and a few slices of apple finely, and fry them in 2 oz. of butter. Stir in half a dessertspoonful of curry powder and the same of flour, and fry all together. Salt to taste. Add a quarter of a pint of stock or milk, a little powdered cocoanut, and cook gently for thirty minutes, put all through a sieve, add a few drops of lemon-juice, stir the shredded cabbage into the sauce, and simmer as directed above.

Eggs and Spaghetti

Throw ½ lb. of spaghetti into boiling salted water, and cook for twenty minutes. Have ready some tomato sauce which has been thickened with a white roux, viz., ½ oz. of butter and the same quantity of flour. Boil some eggs hard and stand them in cold water for ten minutes. Cut the eggs in quarters and warm them in the tomato sauce; also add the spaghetti, so that it is well mixed with the sauce. Stir in about two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, and dish up, sprinkling some finely chopped parsley over.

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